MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY WILSON,

(VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

JANUARY 21, 1876,

WITH OTHER

CONGRESSIONAL TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

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THE DEATH, FUNERAL SERVICES, AND BURIAL

OF

HENRY WILSON,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

NOVEMBER 10–DECEMBER 1, 1875.

HENRY WILSON, Vice-President of the United States, was taken ill at the Capitol, on the morning of November 10, 1875, and was taken to the Vice-President's room, where, after his friends had began to regard him as nearly well again, he passed away on the morning of November 22, at 20 minutes after 7 oclock.

The funeral ceremonies over the remains of the Vice-President were performed in the Senate Chamber on Friday, November 26, under the direction of a committee of arrangements, consisting of Senators Thurman, of Ohio, and Morrill, of Vermont; Representatives Garfield, of Ohio, and Randall, of Pennsylvania; the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; the Hon. Mr. Justice Clifford, of the Supreme Court; and the Hon. William Dennison, a Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

The President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, members of Congress, Department officials, officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, delegations from the New England Republican Association and the Grand Army of the Republic, citizens of Massachusetts, and personal friends and relatives of the deceased, were assigned seats on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

At half past ten the remains were brought from the Rotunda into the Senate Chamber, preceded by Rev. Dr. Sunderland the Chaplain of the Senate, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and the committee of arrangements, and escorted by the pall-bearers, Senators Edmunds, Sherman, Bayard, and Whyte, and Representatives Blaine, Mills, Wood, and Kasson; as the body was brought into the Senate Chamber, the Chaplain read a passage from the Bible, commencing: "Lord, make me to know thy ways."

After the coffin had been placed on the catafalque, Hon. T. W. Ferry, President of the Senate *pro tem.*, announced that appropriate services would be performed. Rev. Dr. Sunderland then read brief selections from the Bible, followed by—

The Memorial Discourse,

BY REV J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rev. XIV, 13: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

All that is mortal of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, Vice-President of the United States, lies enshrined in death's stillness before us. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. The nation pauses in her grief beside his open grave. Her great men, her chief captains, her mighty men, every bondman that was, and every freeman that is, brings some tribute of honor and of love to lay upon his dust. Her deep-voiced cannon lament him. Her proud ensign, which his twenty years of public service contributed so much to leave full high advanced, ay, to cleanse of every stigma and shame in the world's eye, and in the eye of posterity, droops tenderly above him. Even Nature herself has put on the spirit of heaviness, and the very clouds drop tears.

In this honored place, whose chief seat is now vacant, a place which has so often echoed to his voice, and where he has always stood, the unflinching, the incorruptible defender of human dignity and human rights; where he has "battled for the true and the

Yours Truly
H. Wilson

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just," we, the highest and the lowliest, his Associates in Government, his fellow-citizens—heirs alike of the heritage of freedom, which he has done so much to transmit unimpaired, replenished with new life—gather for a brief solemnity. It is fitting that our words be few.

HENRY WILSON was the product of New England. If there was iron in his blood, if there was strength in his muscle, if there was backbone in his frame, he owed it, in part, to the tuition of that sterile and rocky soil; to the cold and inclement, the stern and serious aspects of that uninviting coast to which the Pilgrims came. Ay, more than this, HENRY WILSON was the product of the New England idea—now become the American idea: That man is man, and nothing can be greater; and that when God made man in His own image, He made him to have dominion, first, over himself, and, then, over just as vast an empire among men, as, under God, he could subject to himself.

HENRY WILSON was ambitious. Let us thank God that he was. When, on the 16th day of February, 1812, he first saw the light of mortal life, he was the heir of three generations of poverty; the descendant of three generations of ancestors who had barely kept soul and body together; who, in that rough and rugged half-wilderness of his native New Hampsire, had, one after another, fought a losing battle with life, until the grave covered them. Apprenticed to a small farmer at ten years of age, and taking the hard knocks and sore deprivations of a chore-boy, at that period, when more favored young men are nursed and pampered and crammed in school and in college; studying the rudiments of his native tongue and the history and politics of his native country by the light of pine-knots, and by the midnight flashes of smoldering back-logs, he *needed* all his ambition.

HENRY WILSON was ambitious; but his ambition was ambition to serve, to bear burdens, to meet responsibilities, to perform labors; to stand in the front rank—not so much that he might lead, as that he might take the hard knocks of a leader; that he might somewhere and at some time, anywhere and at any time, do the country yeoman service, like that of Washington and Jefferson and Adams; that he might enter into the labors of these men, into whose spirit he had been baptized as he worked that sterile Yankee

farm. And during all that dreary apprenticeship of his boyhood and youth, illumined only as he forecast the possible future—during all those self-denying night-hours of toil; and, later in life, at Natick, in the State of his adoption, under the shadow of Bunker's Hill monument, and in close neighborhood to Lexington and Concord, when he was thinking out his thoughts to the music of the hammer upon the lapstone; when he was measuring his sword in debate with the merchants and lawyers of Boston, he was girding himself less for leadership, less for dignities and honors, than for life-long service. He sought places of service; he always served in them. It was to him, as though he had caught this counsel from his communings with the Revolutionary period—as though the genius of his native land had said to him, in the dreams of his boyhood, "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all;" and as though he had been determined in his inmost soul, that by that sign he would conquer. It was thus that he came—

> To mold a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne.

In making up our estimate of this man's character, the vast, the prodigious achievements of his life, let us remember its humble beginnings; let us remember that when Charles Sumner, the Chevalier Bayard of Freedom, whose snow-white colors were always seen in the thickest of the fight, and stained, alas! with his own blood, was studying Classics in the Boston Latin School, and walking beneath the favored shades of Harvard, a lad, to whose moral intuitions, as a leader of the Free Soil movement, he was to owe his first seat in the United States Senate, and who was to become his worthy associate and compeer in this foremost body of the nation, was earning his livelihood by day, and storing his mind by night, on a poverty-stricken farm of New Hampshire; and that when Charles Sumner was sitting at the feet of such men as Judge Story, was in the Cambridge Law School as scholar and teacher; was traveling and residing in Europe; when he was drinking at the very fountain-heads, both at home and abroad, the principles of international and constitutional law, Henry Wilson was working in his shoemaker's shop at Natick until midnight, speaking in debating societies made up of his fellow-workmen, and slowly lifting himself up until he became the man whom

Massachusetts delighted to honor, and by whom she has been so honored in return.

And in the great cause of Human Freedom, it is beautiful to see how these two great men of Massachusetts, born only one year apart, starting so differently in life, educated so differently, supported and complemented each other. The one a man of books, the other a man of men; the one a man of ideas, the other a man of facts; the one a man of the few, the other a man of the many; the one closely following his ideal standard; sometimes almost losing himself and being lost to the country in his distance of advance before the nation, the other always keeping step with the grand movement of the people, going forward only so fast as his true popular instinct taught him that the people were ready to follow. In these two men, so unlike and yet so representative of extremes in American society, the patrician, the plebeian, was the New England idea, incarnated, represented on this floor.

HENRY WILSON had a cause in which he believed. He believed in it as the cause of man; ay, he believed in it, also, as the cause of God, who had become incarnate and walked among men that he might impress it upon us; that he might show the value of man; that he might illustrate His own Golden Rule. In fact, Mr. WILSON never could advocate anything in which he did not believe. He was not of such facile make, that he could put on the semblance of sincerity and earnestness. At the basis of all his action, must be sincere moral conviction. He never could take what he conceived to be the wrong side of a question, even in the Natick Debating Society. He would always buy off or beg off, and get upon what he regarded the right side, and then he was himself; then he was a host! He was never afraid of being lonely, if he was on the right side. He knew the meaning of these lines of the poet Faber—

> Thrice blest is he to whom is given
> The instinct that can tell
> That God is on the field, when He
> Is most invisible.

When, as a delegate from Massachusetts to the National Convention in Philadelphia in 1848, he repudiated the action of the convention; standing, as he did, almost alone, resisting the complimentary attentions, shall I say blandishments, of such a man as

Daniel Webster and the other great leaders of the Whig party, these were his words to his constituents: "No hope of political reward, no fear of ridicule or denunciation will deter me from acting up to my convictions of duty." There spoke the men of 1620; the men who had left England and Holland for conscience' sake. But even the sage of Marshfield, who daily looked off upon the sea which brought them hither, and who had aided in building their tombs and garnishing their sepulchers, even *he* did not know their voice. Whig men knew, and Democrat they knew, but what was this? Here was a new factor in American politics. Conscience and God had entered there. Convictions of duty! Mr. WILSON had espoused the cause of Freedom from convictions of duty; and from that moment his pathway to the eminence he secured, and from which he stepped off into the unseen world, was just as sure as there is a God in Heaven, or that He has said, "Them that honor Me I will honor."

It is customary to speak of the services which great men render a sacred cause. Others, on other occasions, will speak of Mr. WILSON'S services to the cause of Freedom. There is another aspect of this subject quite as important, and for us more appropriate. No great man ever helps a great cause, so much as that great cause develops, elevates, and ennobles him. For, if to belittle truth, belittle a man, to accept and defend it, ennobles him.

It was the peculiar good fortune of HENRY WILSON, that he had the moral instinct to espouse the cause of Freedom; to send down the roots of his maturing manhood into such strong and generous soil. And all the buffetings and storms of the conflict which he encountered only made him stronger and more heroic, rooted his nature deeper in the great principles which are at the foundation of all human progress.

Mr. WILSON did not espouse a cause, to ride on it into power. He took it for better or worse; to rise with it or fall with it; and when this cause rose, he rose upon its crest, and that, partly, because the cause itself and his consecration to it had made him worthy to rise—had made him one of its truest and best exponents and champions. And if other men have failed under the severe tests which he withstood, if their feet have been tangled in the snares which the Tempter sets for great men as well as for other men, it

may be partly because they were never so under tuition to the same holy cause; in serving that cause they were serving themselves. If you tell me that HENRY WILSON devoted his whole life to the cause of Human Freedom—that there was no danger he would not dare, no toil he would not endure, no self-sacrifice he would not make to advance it, to make its triumphs permanent—then you have explained to me the phenomenon of such a man. If he advanced the cause, the cause also advanced him. No man can devote his life-time to the study and advocacy of such principles as lie at the foundation of our Free Institutions, without being ennobled. It was what made the giants of a hundred years ago. It is what has made the giants of our own time.

Mr. WILSON had remarkable native endowments, prodigious energy, industry, and persistence; the profoundest conception of the sacredness and value of free institutions; a prophetic instinct as to their ultimate triumph; but he was all the time breathing the atmosphere and under the tuition to the principles of the cause which he advocated; and that gave a glow and a glory to his character and his life, as when the morning sun greets the uplifted Dome of this structure, within which he served, and where he surrendered his spirit back to the God who gave it. There is a sense in which it is not irreverent to say that he was inspired by that cause. It was inspiration to him, that he was permitted to fill up that which was behind in the labors of those who had gone before him. This gave him patience under provocation; a spirit of forgiveness and forbearance toward those arrayed against him; composure and serenity alike in defeat and success. He knew that the cause was moving on, in sunshine and cloud; whether in debate upon this floor, whether upon the battle-fields, where our soldiers were using other arguments. He saw the pillar of the cloud by day and of the fire by night, always leading on the Hosts of Freedom; moving as they moved, pausing as they paused, never forsaking them.

It was no after-thought with Mr. WILSON, it was no measure of political expediency, which led him in 1875, to travel over portions of the South, giving utterance to sentiments of kindliness to those who had lately been in arms against the nation. On the 1st of May, 1862, when the blood of Massachusetts men had scarcely

dried in the streets of Baltimore, when the guns which had been pointed at Fort Sumter, and which had driven back our forces upon this city after the first battle of Bull Run, were still making the ears of this nation tingle with shame, Mr. WILSON had said upon this floor, "After the conflict, when the din of battle has ceased, the humane and kindly and charitable feelings of the country and of the world will require us to deal gently with the masses of the people who are engaged in the rebellion." He had no hostility against *men* in that conflict. He had hostility only against that crime against man, and that sin against man's Creator, with which the Judge of all the earth was dealing with the nation upon the battle-field. And when God had given judgment, he was content; for the enemies of his country were also men, and they were not the first of whom it might be said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It was natural that HENRY WILSON should become a Christian, the very moment he gave his careful attention to the claims of the Lord Jesus as a Teacher and a Saviour. It was like him, when he became a Christian, to confess it before men. He never suppressed his convictions of duty. He had never been wanting in the moralities of life. He was a pure-minded husband and a tender father; a dutiful son; a firm and untiring advocate of the temperance cause; for many years president of the Congressional Temperance Society; a man strictly straightforward and upright in all his dealings with men. But he saw that neither upon the basis of public service nor of private worth, could he stand before Him with whom we have to do. He therefore made a public confession of his repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus, and united with the Congregational Church in Natick.

Confronted with eternity, all men are equals; just as some of the heavenly bodies are so remote from earth as to annihilate their distance from each other. The same truth which comforted and re-assured those humble fishermen of Galilee, soothed and sustained and cheered this dying statesman of the American Republic. Two thousand years of earthly change and progress in institutions, in customs, in manners have not changed the heart of man, have not changed the eternal truth of God. It was the sagacious instinct, the moral genius of Napoleon I, which led him

to say, "Christ proved Himself to be the *Son of the Eternal*, by His disregard of time. All His doctrines signify one and the same thing—Eternity." And so when any man, with the instinct of immortality stirring within him, comes to the verge where he looks off upon eternity, when no longer "far inland," but upon the very brink—

His soul has sight of that immortal sea, which brought him hither,

he loses all his earthly peculiarity; all that which has distinguished him from the rest of his race—the elevation to which the men of his generation have lifted him; the isolation of honor to which he has been consecrated; the loneliness of the great—and becomes only, purely man again; with the same frailties, the same anxieties, the same affectionate yearnings and tenderness; with the same need of a Divine Comforter, as the humblest and most unknown of his fellow-mortals.

It cannot be said of HENRY WILSON that he died and made no sign; that living in the nineteenth century which dates from the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ, living when the power of His life and death has been felt by every nation on the face of the earth; has gone into institutions; has gone into laws; has made even tyranny and oppression endurable; has clothed the horrors of war with something of gentleness and humanity; has lifted the nations into a kind of universal brotherhood, so that the chief rulers of the earth have become nursing fathers and nursing mothers in His kingdom; and the prediction of the prophet that men shall learn war no more, seems less and less like a distempered dream—I say it cannot be said of HENRY WILSON that, living at such a period, he died like—

A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;

he died as though life and immortality had not been brought to light in the Gospel. It is no vain curiosity which makes a Christian nation ask what its rulers think of Christ. Would that they asked it oftener before they selected them—before they came to die. It is only a few days since—alas! that we are separated from it as if by centuries—that the first few verses of the fourteenth chapter of John were read at Mr. WILSON'S bedside. When the reading reached the third verse: "And if I go and prepare a place for you,

I will come again and receive you unto myself," he interrupted; with a kindling eye and a cheek aglow, "What clearer revelation," said he, "could there be of a hereafter—of heaven as a place, of the continued personality of our being—of the power to recognize and to love those whom we have known in this world! And how could such a Being as the Lord Jesus utter such words unless they are true? It is impossible to believe him an imposter. It is equally impossible to believe that he would raise in us expectations never to be realized." Of course I do not undertake to give the exact language of the remark, nor can I give you any conception of the beauty and thrilling power of what he said. I only know this, that when we rose from the prayer which followed, the faces of many of us were bathed in tears. And, when that many-voiced monitor, that precious memento of his last hours, came into my hands, the volume kept under his pillow and read and marked at intervals, day and night, while he knew not at what hour his Lord would come, and I saw these penciled stanzas:

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this;
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we've valued most;

and when I turned to the close of the volume and found pasted upon fly-leaves, photographs of his sainted wife and his soldier-boy who died, then I thought that I understood the personal application of his words.

Mr. WILSON at first hoped to live; expected to live. He told me the day of his first attack, "There is one thing that I want to finish before I go." Without specifying it, I knew that he referred to his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power in America;" a treatise which of itself is enough for the life-work of any single man; but which he was writing in his ease with dignity, as though the pastime of an invalid. Did he have premonition that his expectations were to be disappointed? Was it for this reason that the day before his death he was closeted for hours with an inti-

mate personal friend? And did he arise at midnight, open that little volume, and read—

> But after all these duties I have done,
> Must I, in point of merit, them disown
> And trust in Heaven, through Jesus' blood alone?
> Through Jesus' blood alone?

thinking that perhaps he already heard the foot-fall of his coming Lord: thinking of His own words, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping?"

Having long ago settled all questions relating to that eternity to which he was so near; accepting anew the testimony of the Infallible Witness respecting it; tender, forgiving, grateful toward man; wondering at the way in which God had led him; his spirit flooded with a kind of celestial summer; keeping vigil, as it were, upon the very scene of his greatest services and greatest triumphs; ministered to by the affectionate and faithful servants of the nation herself, as though his sickness could be of no private interpretation; his pathway to the tomb, literally and figuratively, sprinkled with flowers; the very atmosphere of the whole nation throbbing with messages of solicitude and love; the press giving united testimony to his worth, ay, winged to God on the prayers of this Christian nation; thus died HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, Vice-President of the United States.

It only remains, reverently to bear this sacred dust back to the keeping of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts: Mother of statesmen and of men; to soil consecrated in the beginning by the ashes of the Pilgrim Fathers; to soil which has already, during the first century of our national life, gathered to itself the dust of the elder and later Adams, the dust of a Webster, an Everett, a Sumner—names that will never die! Into such company, and worthy of it, Henry Wilson shall enter unchallenged. It was his to see with unwavering trust in God and in man, that which the great statesman of Marshfield dreaded so much to look on with his dying eye—one portion of this Union in arms against another. But it was his also to participate in the extermination of that evil which had so taxed and defeated the ingenuity and statesmanship

of master-minds before him. It was his also to assist in bringing order out of the chaos of civil war; in securing their birthright to a nation new-born; and, though passing through such troublous times, it was his crowning blessing to die in peace, with not one feeling of resentment toward the living or the dead.

Others may be left to determine whether such a man was a great man, and how great he was; to weigh him in scales and comprehend him in a balance. It is enough for us to thank the God of our fathers that he still raises up such men; men after the old type of men; and to believe that so long as He is careful of this type, so long as they continue, the Republic will be safe. For there is still—

> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

And only those men can bless humanity who, in that movement, are content to be humble workers together with God!

Rev. Dr. Sunderland followed the funeral discourse by an impressive prayer. He alluded to the deceased as the humble believer, the faithful citizen, the earnest man, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian. He thanked Divine Providence for all that He had enabled him to accomplish, and for that noble perseverance and endurance through which he won so many triumphs. He thanked God that the Vice-President died in faith and hope—that he died in peace with God and man—a child of God, an heir-expectant of the coming resurrection and the glorious immortality of the blessed. He invoked the Divine blessing upon our rulers and all others in authority over us. He besought our Heavenly Father to remember this nation whose heart is touched with grief and whose banners droop in sadness. In conclusion, he asked the Divine blessing upon those who would go to bear the sacred ashes of the dead to their last repose.

Rev. Dr. Sunderland then pronounced the benediction.

The remains were escorted to the railroad-station by a brigade of Regulars and volunteers, commanded by Major-General

W. H. Emory, U. S. A., and followed by a long procession, although it rained. During the passage of the procession minute-guns were fired, bells were tolled, and the bells of the Metropolitan Church rang out funeral chimes.

The governor of Massachusetts having sent a delegation to Washington to obtain the remains, they were formally delivered to them at the railroad-station by Senator Thurman, who said:

"GENTLEMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS: The funeral ceremonies at the National Capitol over the remains of the late Vice-President are here concluded, and we now deliver them to you to convey them to the State of which he was a citizen, and by which he was so much honored, and which he so well served. In the performance of your mournful duty you will carry with you the sympathy of the nation, and everywhere meet with sincere marks of respect for the illustrious dead."

Col. Edward Wyman, senior aid-de-camp to Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, said, in reply, that he and those associated with him accepted the precious trust confided to them, and would convey the remains to Massachusetts, there to receive all the honor that love and affection can bestow. He added an expression of his thanks for the admirable arrangements which had been perfected, and for the courtesies extended to himself and his colleagues.

High honors were paid to the remains of the deceased Vice-President in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Natick, where they were interred on the 1st of December, 1875.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY WILSON.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876.

The Chaplain of the Senate, Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., offered the following—

PRAYER.

Almighty and everlasting God, the only self-immortal, who dwellest in light unapproachable and full of glory, we bless and adore Thy name, and give Thee hearty thanks. Though we are mortal men and have our habitation in the dust, living under inevitable change, the years rolling over us so that we sink into the grave, yet hast Thou for us kindled amid this gloom the light of hope. As Thy servants turn aside this day to remember him who so late presided in this Chamber, we beseech Thee let the heavenly assurance fall upon them, as it did upon him, that Thou art their Father, Jesus their Savior, the Holy

Ghost their sanctifier, heaven their glorious heritance and lasting home, and all the host of angels and of the general assembly and of souls redeemed the bright and blessed company of their association finally and forever. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Mr. BOUTWELL. Mr. President, I rise to present resolutions in honor of the late Vice-President of the United States, and to ask for them immediate consideration by the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate, and who had been for eighteen years of consecutive service a member of this body.

Resolved, That business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair will lay before the Senate the tribute to the memory of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President, paid by American residents in Berlin, transmitted through the Secretary of State, which the Secretary will now report.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

At a meeting of Americans resident in Berlin, holden at the American chapel on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1875, Mr. Nicholas Fish in the chair, it was—

Resolved unanimously, That we have heard with most profound sorrow of the death of the Vice President of the United States, HENRY WILSON, and as a tribute to his memory we desire to record our appreciation of the high qualities which distinguished him as a man and of the eminent and faithful services which in a long public career he has rendered the country by his undeviating devotion to the cause of the Union and adherence to the great principles of human liberty. That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the President and to the Senate of the United States.

The committee on resolutions:

H. KREISMANN, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM C. EASTLACK.
HERM ROSE.
JOS. P. THOMPSON.
A. H. SYLVESTER.

To Hon. THOMAS W. FERRY,
President of the Senate of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Address by Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Mr. President, it is a satisfaction which the presence of death even cannot extinguish nor qualify that we may record the testimony which we are disposed to give concerning the character and virtues of those with whom we have been associated.

The late Vice-President of the United States was a member of the Senate for the period of eighteen years, and for nearly three years he was its Presiding Officer. No man was better known to the Senate, and, of his contemporaries, no one was better known to the country. For more than a third of a century he had been in the public service of the State of Massachusetts or of the United States. The nature of his service was always the same. He was, at various times and by repeated elections, a member of each branch of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and for two years he was the president of its Senate. This training was the best preparation which our system furnishes for service in the legislative branch of the National Government. In this service and for twenty years he gained constantly in the good opinion of the people of the State and of the country. Such a career was not an accident, nor was it due to what is called,

usually, fortune or favoring circumstances. Indeed, there was no man of distinction among his contemporaries to whom fortune had denied as much. His parentage was honorable, and his ancestry for many generations, and without interruption on either side, was of New Hampshire blood and lineage; but they possessed neither wealth nor careful culture. The training of a child born into a family of wealth and high culture, without pretension or pedantry, is of more value for the affairs of the world than the education of schools and colleges.

Mr. WILSON had not the benefits of either, while many of his contemporaries enjoyed the advantages of cultured homes, cultured society, and the training and discipline of school, college, and university.

Others again, to whom these advantages were denied as to Mr. WILSON, were blessed with the tokens of genius, distinguishing them at once from the mass of men as worthy of eminence and crowning them in anticipation without apparent effort for themselves.

Mr. WILSON was not an orator; he had not the gift of eloquence; he had not the power of logical reasoning so as to command the assent of unwilling hearers, nor had he extraordinary aptitude for scholarly pursuits. By training and long-continued practice he became a clear, self-contained, convincing writer and speaker. At times he was more than this, and he exhibited occasionally something of the power and quality of the orator. His strength was chiefly, however, in the depth and earnest-

ness of his convictions and in his knowledge of the subjects that he discussed.

The denial to him of the advantages of early careful training, either in his home or in society or in school, of high special gifts or unusual faculties in any of the qualities essential to the successful orator or writer, forces upon us the grave question, to what special form of genius, power of nature, or accomplishment of art was he indebted for the capacity for leadership in the great moral and political struggle of historical times? This question and its answer concern the American people, who raised him to the rank of a leader and trusted, honored, and sustained him as a leader, more than they concern the reputation or even character of Mr. WILSON as an historical personage. First, he was endowed by nature with an heroic resolution, which at once urged him to acquire knowledge and sustained him in his ceaseless efforts to accomplish whatever he undertook. The ability to labor was his second great endowment. As he had more obstacles to overcome than any other man that we have known, so he had more abundant means for overcoming the obstacles that were in his way. Resolution to work and ability to work are a substitute for everything except genius, and often they become even the rival of genius itself. The same restless, untiring spirit that he exhibited among men in the open day upon questions and topics of public political concern, whether of peace or war, animated him in his efforts to overcome the defects

of early life, and finally to contribute to the history of the country a faithful narrative of the great contest in which he had acted so important a part.

But above all and over all as the chief of his endowments was his fearless, conscientious devotion to duty in political public affairs. He came into public life as a member of the whig party, but as the representative and exponent of the views and wishes of the workingmen.

The slavery question was soon forced upon us in the project for the annexation of Texas. The success of that project was followed by other measures designed to strengthen, protect, or foster the institution of slavery. To all these schemes Mr. WILSON was always and everywhere opposed. He used parties, he destroyed parties, and he organized parties, and all to prevent, first, the spread of slavery, and then to overthrow it. From the year 1840, when I first met him, he was the unwavering opponent of slavery. If other men made larger contributions to the intellectual and moral forces engaged in the war against slavery, he was chief over all the chiefs in the work of combining and organizing those forces for the political contests of 1850, 1851, and 1852 in Massachusetts, and for the national contests of 1856 and 1860, which gave the welcome triumph of freedom to a slavery-accursed Republic. His power in this respect was due solely to his capacity to present to others the moral and political considerations which ought to guide them.

As a member of the republican party, he was a strict

party man. He believed in its principles, respected its opinions, exulted in its power for good, and gloried in its history. Ambitious personally, he never allowed his private interests or wishes to interfere with the prospects of his party. No man yielded more readily to the opinions of his friends or subordinated local and personal claims to the general welfare.

During the entire war he occupied one of the most important posts in the Senate, and in that post he was first of all in the character and value of the services rendered to the War Department and to the armies in the field. When the war ended he asked only that those who had been in arms should accept in good faith the new Constitution and the emancipated bondmen as citizens and equals in theory and in fact. If he had not the most prominent part in amending the Constitution and in providing legal means for the reconstruction of the Government, no other man did as much to remove the prejudices of the people, to encourage the timid, to arouse the indifferent, and, in fine, to render those great measures acceptable to the country. In this protracted and weary work he thought less of himself than of his party and less of his party than of his country; but he identified himself with his party in the interests solely of his party, and he vindicated his party as the only means of saving his country. Time and history will justify him in these particulars.

He was a politician, a party man, and a statesman as well. Of the political anti-slavery men of this country

he is of the first and very small class, and history may, with justice to all, assign him a leading place even in that small class. When we consider the magnitude of the undertaking by which slavery was overthrown, the military operations attending it, in which he bore a conspicuous and honorable part in the public councils, the difficulties that waited upon every attempt to re-organize the Government, which he as much as any other man assisted in removing, and all crowned in his own life with full success, can his right to be counted among the statesmen of America be denied?

The preservation of this Government from 1861 to 1865 was a more difficult work than the maintenance of the Declaration of Independence from 1776 to 1783, and its re-organization was a more delicate task than the formation of the Constitution and the establishment of the Union in 1787 and 1789; nor can I doubt that these later events will contribute more largely to the welfare of the human race.

While slavery existed our example was shunned by many who otherwise would have been the advocates of republican institutions in other countries. Slavery has disappeared, and no argument can be drawn from our Constitution, and I trust that hereafter no argument will be drawn from our conduct or policy, calculated to prevent the spread of republican ideas.

As men prefer truth to falsehood, so they will prefer freedom and equality to authority and subserviency, and

therefore we may predict the spread of republican ideas and the advance of republican institutions in other lands.

For these results and ends Mr. WILSON labored, and these results and ends, when realized, will be a better eulogy upon his life, character, and services than any pronounced in pulpit or Senate.

Address by Mr. Hamlin, of Maine.

Mr. President, until a very recent hour I did not expect to participate in the proceedings of the Senate on this occasion, and I rise now for the purpose of seconding the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Massachusetts, and in a very few words to pay that personal tribute to the memory of our late Vice-President of which he and the work of his life are so eminently worthy.

In every age and in every country of the world homage has been paid to the great and the good; and still more appropriately has the custom obtained of paying a just tribute to the heroic and meritorious dead. The chisel of the sculptor and the pencil of the artist have been invoked to preserve their form and features for other times.

It is well, then, that we pause amid the stirring scenes that provoke discussion and sometimes bitterness in this Hall, now shrouded with the drapery of mourning, to pay a just and fitting testimonial to him who was so long a member of this body and so recently its Presiding Officer.

Henry Wilson, though of obscure origin, neither learned nor eloquent, will justly stand in the history of our country as one of its remarkable men. Struggling under all the disadvantages of obscurity and poverty, and embarrassed in a position which would have deterred most

men, step by step he advanced, until he occupied a seat in the Senate, and thence to the position of its Presiding Officer. No ordinary man could achieve that result; and it furnishes a striking example which illustrates the theory of our Government, and it should, nay, it will, afford a stimulus to others in their exertions for worthy and honorable advancement.

I became acquainted with Mr. WILSON when he took his seat in the Senate in February, 1855. I had known of him as a public man whom the State of Massachusetts had honored before that time, but I had not made his acquaintance personally until he came to be a Senator; and from that time until his decease our relations were of the most intimate character.

In running my eye over this body I find no Senator save myself who then occupied a seat on this floor.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

It was one of the last statements made by the late Vice-President that more than eighty Senators with whom he had served had preceded him in death; and for the impressive lesson which it teaches us I may, perhaps, be excused for saying that during the time that I have been connected with the Senate as a Senator and its Presiding Officer, more than one hundred and thirty persons with whom I have served and associated officially and personally as Senators have passed from earth.

Here Mr. WILSON won the respect of all, and by his zeal and industry succeeded in establishing the reputation

of a wise and able statesman. Statesman he may be called. It is statesmanship that achieves results which promote the best interests of the country, and that Mr. WILSON did. During the dark hours of the war, as chairman of the Military Committee, his services were invaluable in preparing and carrying through the Senate all measures for raising, equipping, and marshaling our armies in the field. He was quick to see the wants of the Government, and always prompt and ready to supply the remedy. The people of our country can hardly appreciate how much they are indebted to him for the faithful performance of the onerous duties that then devolved upon him, nor have I a doubt that the cause of that disease to which his strong frame at last surrendered can be traced to his excessive labors at that time. Of the valuable services rendered by Senator WILSON during the short session of 1861, General Scott paid him the high compliment of saying, "He had done more work in that short session than all the chairmen of the Military Committee had done for the last twenty years." It may with equal truth be said that his labors of that session were only a true index of subsequent and continued industry to the end. In the energy and untiring diligence with which he discharged every duty devolving upon him he had no superior in this body. To do right as he saw the right was his rule of action. Inured to toil from early life, to poverty, and to privation, he was a most fitting representative of the State which he honored in his position;

and it often occurred to me during the long years through which he held a seat here his State was most appropriately represented in her two Senators, the one of its labor and the other of its learning. His life was devoted to the welfare and elevation of our people, morally, socially, and politically. His able vindication of the free laborers of the country when they were assailed and stigmatized as the mud-sills of society demonstrates his sympathy with those who toiled, and upon whose work rested the prosperity of the country and by which alone can its permanency be maintained.

During his whole life he was an earnest and consistent advocate of temperance, which he made evident in his practical life, and was for several years president of the Congressional Temperance Society. The knowledge of the good works by him accomplished in this noble cause extends far beyond the limits of our country.

The grand work of his life is to be found in his long and persistent efforts to break the shackles of the slave and let the oppressed go free. In the providence of God he lived to see the mighty work fulfilled; and for his efforts to this end, and in behalf of all the great measures to preserve the life of the nation, his name will be recorded in imperishable history, while millions will cherish his memory. He was a Christian gentleman, and his life was adorned by Christian virtues, and in honesty and integrity, even in times like these, he stood unassailed and unassailable.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Address by Mr. Cragin, of New Hampshire.

Mr. President, the emblems of mourning that darken this Chamber, and all the public buildings in this capital city, have reminded us for more than a month past that a man in high position, and one greatly loved by the people, has departed. One who had occupied a seat on this floor for more than twenty years as Senator and Vice-President was not here on the opening day of this session. He came here after the leaves had fallen, and a few weeks in advance of some of us, to be ready to enter anew upon his duties; but the invisible angel of death came into this Capitol with him, and laying a cold hand upon the Vice-President claimed him for the grave. A struggle of a few days' duration went on in a room near by this Chamber, and hope tantalized us all, but the insatiate conqueror who never knew defeat prevailed, and our friend was numbered with the dead. The form so long familiar to many of us is no longer seen among men; the voice that has so often echoed along these gilded walls in earnest and eloquent tones of protest against wrong, and of sympathy for the lowly and oppressed, is hushed forever. Henry Wilson is dead! And we set apart this day to crown his memory, and to honor his character and services. What has happened to him is no uncommon thing, but rather the certain

and common lot of all mankind. The dead many times outnumber the living, and the living must all die.

More than eighteen hundred years ago St. John described a great multitude of dead, "which no man could number." Tens of millions have been added every year since, till the imagination staggers in the attempt to comprehend the vast and constantly-increasing number who sleep in the valley of death.

> The battle of our life is brief,
> The alarm, the struggle, the relief;
> Then sleep we side by side.

My acquaintance with Mr. WILSON began more than twenty years ago, and I soon learned to respect and admire him for his many good qualities, both of head and heart. He was a good man, in that he cherished love for all mankind and always obeyed the impulses of a kind and generous nature. He was not a great man in shining qualities, but he was great in real, solid qualities. He was great in honest, earnest purpose; in sagacity, in practical knowledge, and common sense. He was powerful in the advocacy of truth and the rights of the people. He was a humane, sincere man, always leaning to the side of the weak and friendless. He always espoused the cause of the masses, and labored faithfully and earnestly for everything that tended to elevate the character and better the condition of his fellow-men. He instinctively scorned a mean action, and the man is not living or dead whom he ever intentionally wronged. A man's character, physical, mental, and moral, is molded largely by the climate, occu-

pation, society, and other circumstances of his early life. Our lamented friend was born in the obscure and humble walks of life, and his pathway through childhood and youth was one of extreme poverty and toil. He learned by bitter experience the trials and wants of the poor, and to the day of his death he was the true and trusted friend of the people. He labored with the farmer in tilling the soil, and with the mechanic in the workshop, and here he became learned in common things and laid the foundation for that wonderful common sense for which he was distinguished.

We have seen him here many years with a learned colleague whose mind was trained and filled with the thoughts of other men, and yet in practical ability and common wisdom, which comes to minds attentive to their own thoughts, he was more than the equal of Charles Sumner. His early life was not wholly given to physical toil; his young mind was hungry for intellectual food, and found it to some extent. A good friend loaned him books, and he read many after daylight had faded into night. But, after all, the great book from which he learned most was the book of nature—a book full of all knowledge, and one that no man has or ever can fully read or understand. This book is the work of the Infinite Author of creation, and is the fountain from which finite men gather materials for books and inspirations for thoughts. It is filled with the choicest poetry, music, prose, and the demonstration of all science and art. It is accessible alike to the rich and poor, and

especially to the poor, and is to be found wide open in the field, in the forest, in the workshop, in the moving waters, in the singing of birds, in the habits of animals and the speech of men, in the earth below and the starry heavens above. Its language is universal, and he who can read it well and take in its great truths is not only a learned man but a Christian.

In after life and through his long public career Mr. Wilson was a student. He read and studied books, mostly of a practical kind, and closely observed men and things. He read less of poetry and fiction and more of history and biography. He was specially familiar with the history of all great struggles for freedom and human rights in modern times, and became a prominent actor in the contest that resulted in giving freedom to four million slaves and placing them upon the high plane of American citizenship. He was emphatically a self-made man, and, like most men who have come up under adverse circumstances, and to whom God has given great powers, he was a strong man. He was strong in simplicity, strong in sincerity, strong in purity, and strong in earnestness. He was clear in his convictions, and bold and effective in maintaining them.

He was not an orator in the common understanding of that term, but he was a very able public speaker. He had the power to hold the attention of his hearers, and to carry conviction to their heads and hearts. This is the purpose and effect of true eloquence. He made many

political speeches, and always with great effect. He never soared in imagination up among the stars to get lost in the "milky way," or strangled or bewildered his hearers in sentences a mile long. He spoke to the common understanding. He carried conviction by conviction. He pleased by his candor and truthfulness even those who differed from him in opinion. He built upon facts, and the structure stood after the sound of his voice had ceased. He interested his hearers by the honest utterance and honest faith of an honest man. He believed what he said, and a zeal which only comes from devotion to truth kindled corresponding fires in the hearts of his hearers. His purity of character was a great element of his strength. He wore no garment to conceal a deformity, but he was simple, plain, and honest in his every-day life. He was emphatically one of the people, and he studied the wishes, the interests, and the condition of the toiling millions with a heart always in accord with them and with an honest purpose to serve them. He knew their mode of reasoning and their wants with wonderful accuracy; he therefore became one of the best judges of popular feeling and popular demand in this country.

It is inevitable that such a man should become a favorite of the people. They honored, loved, and trusted him. I never realized this so fully as when his dead body recently passed through the city of New York on its way to Massachusetts. I rode in the funeral procession from Jersey City to Madison Square, a distance of several miles, and

the sidewalks on each side of Broadway and all the streets leading into that great thoroughfare, the steps, balconies, windows, and roofs of buildings along the whole line, were densely packed with people. The procession was late in starting, and many thousands had stood for an hour in the cold to see the body of the people's friend pass. I never before saw any sight like it, and it was proof of the affection and confidence of the people which could not be mistaken. It was estimated that more than two hundred thousand men, women, and children witnessed the grand and solemn ceremony. It was agreed on all hands that nothing like this outpouring of the people had been seen in that city since the body of the lamented and immortal Lincoln passed to its final resting-place.

Henry Wilson was a native of New Hampshire, and her people were ever proud of him. I mingle my own personal grief with theirs on this solemn occasion, and deplore the loss not only of his native State but of the whole nation in the death of this great and good man. I commend his character and noble example to the young men of my own and other States, in the hope that the Republic may long live through the intelligence of the people and a like patriotism, ability, and purity of its public men.

Within a little more than three years four natives of New Hampshire who have made honorable places for themselves in history have obeyed the summons which no man can resist, and gone the way of all the earth. The first in order of time was Horace Greeley, the great journalist.

He never held any high official position, except a seat in the House of Representatives for a short time, but for a long time he was the head of the leading newspaper of the land, and wielded a power and influence unequaled by that of any other man on the continent. His head and heart were both large, and the world is much better for his having lived. Then Salmon P. Chase, Senator, governor, Secretary of the Treasury, and Chief-Justice of the United States, passed to his final home. His was an honorable career, and history will record his great deeds. Next fell John P. Hale, my immediate predecessor in this body. For sixteen years he was a member of the Senate, and displayed great powers of genius. I have not forgotten, and the country will never forget, the time when he stood here, with Sumner, Seward, Chase, Wade, Wilson, Collamer, and Foot, all champions of a great cause, the cause of liberty and human rights. The last of the four to depart was Henry Wilson, the late Vice-President, whom we honor and mourn to-day. No State can point to four nobler, purer, abler men who have served their country longer or better.

Of all the Senators who occupied seats in this Chamber when I first entered here as a member, only five, including myself, remain. Two others who had been Senators before that time soon returned again and are now members.

Since the 4th of March, 1865, I have served with one hundred and sixty-nine different Senators—ninety-eight of them are no longer here—and I recall twenty-five who

have passed over the dark stream of death. Such have been the changes in the membership of this body, and such the work of death among those who were or had been members, in ten short years.

Every seventh man has closed his earthly record. So it has been, and so it must always be.

Ever since the world began the lessons of death have been taught. Man is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Our brief journey here ends in the tomb, but faith points to eternal life beyond.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stont and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Address by Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. President, the memory of a man dying in possession of a great place, endowed with high mental force, true to his convictions of right, and earnest in the discharge of duty, is a study which always commands respect and honor; and such a man was the late Vice-President. Of his devotion to his principles it may be truthfully said that this began at a period, and was displayed on a theater, where it required more than ordinary enthusiasm to keep the devotee unfaltering, and more than the average courage to keep him firm. But in his long public career no evidence occurs to insinuate that HENRY WILSON lacked either the enthusiasm or the courage for his work; and that is saying much. But that which makes his pathway in life most interesting to me is the humbleness of his origin, the energy he displayed in raising himself to a higher level of life, and the blessed surroundings which enabled the poor, unfriended, but ambitious lad to mount from his native obscurity to the second place in the civil magistracy of a republic of forty millions of free, enlightened, and discriminating people. Of the earlier struggles and the cruel sufferings of his youth those who know intimately their particulars have spoken, and it is an important matter.

My knowledge of the dead Vice-President began after

all these had been successfully overcome and passed. And I speak only of the acts of his vigorous prime and his public life. In the hotly-contested slavery agitation he was known, not as the earliest champion of universal freedom, but as the product of that determined polemical war that surged about him in his youth. His political bonds and party predilections were not strong enough to keep the natural enthusiasm of the young man in leading-strings; for, breaking away from these, he followed the dictates of his conscience rather than the teachings of mere political leaders. And so he came to this Senate the uncompromising representative of a cause many—perhaps a majority—of his supporters did not consider of primary importance at the time they concentrated their votes to send him to Washington. Like his great colleague, he was chosen a Senator because the moving forces of that avalanche both did so much to precipitate had already divided the minds of men in both the old political parties in New England, so that neither could concentrate on men who opposed or ignored free-soil and its consequence, the abolition of slavery. Whether the coalition that sent Henry Wilson to the Senate knew precisely what sort of man they were choosing, I cannot tell. But if they did not, then they builded wiser than they knew. He entered into the war of opinions like a true knight, and fought gallantly and faithfully.

As time wore on the great issue came to a head. The civil war broke on the land, and all political barriers were

broken down for a time. Called on to take a somewhat active part in that tremendous struggle, I found it a matter of profound interest to study the characters of the public men on whose fortitude and steady devotion the successful prosecution of the war for the Union depended; for by the laws of Congress, passed to strengthen the hands of the Administration, only could the Administration act. And in that anxious penetration to discover uncompromising supporters, the late Vice-President was quickly set down as one in whom there was "no shadow of turning." In every measure designed to bring back peace by the only methods then possible to us, Mr. WILSON upheld the executive authority with an eager industry which left him no time for criticism or carping.

The first reverse to our arms caused many to pause, and some to doubt and fear. The answer from HENRY WILSON to that disaster was a request by him to the then Secretary of War for authority to raise a regiment for three years. This was eagerly given. And in a very brief time a splendid body of men came marching along Pennsylvania avenue, as thoroughly armed and equipped as any regiment the world ever saw. His influence, seconded by the tireless energy of Governor John A. Andrew, supplied this excellent force; and then the colonel laid down his commission to resume his seat in the Senate, where his best services could be given to the country, leaving his second officer to lead the regiment in the field—a work for which he was especially fitted and carefully chosen.

What followed is a part of the history of the nation HENRY WILSON so steadfastly loved. His patriotic constituents again returned him to this body. And then the country demanded of Massachusetts the son she had delighted to honor, that he might be yet further exalted. The grateful Republic placed him at the head of the body in which his life had been so useful and so honorable. And now we turn aside from the cares and duties of the hour to record, however feebly and imperfectly, our tributes to his patriotism, his devotion, his courage, and his purity. The patriot has gone to his reward, and we may gather lessons of wisdom from his successful and useful life.

Address by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont.

Mr. President, HENRY WILSON was early removed from parental guidance, but he fortunately possessed a resolute will and a sober sense of duty, which led to the pursuit of that course of life which to him, bound to hard labor, seemed best, and which promised the most advantages to the growth of a young man whose habits had not been rooted in the precious memories of home example, and whose culture, in the land of schools, had been conspicuously omitted. His curiosity for reading appears to have been very early aroused and to some extent gratified, though in a desultory manner. The story of man in all ages, of peace and war, of liberty and despotism, of civilization and barbarism, and of his own relations to his Maker and to his fellow-men, engaged his attention, and thus, while yet in obscurity, he laid the foundations for leadership among men upon the broad principles of democratic equality and upon the living sentiment of universal human liberty, which subsequently won for him national renown.

The late Vice-President belonged to the class of men most commonly described as self-educated, which, in this instance, as in many others, means that he had been endowed by nature with something more than a moderate

share of brain-power, energetically supported by bone and muscle, but had received in his youth little or no artificial aid from schools. Of this outfit, however, he wasted nothing. Shunning no labor, his stock of useful information was ever increasing. It is no slender encomium upon HENRY WILSON that, as the successor here of the most classic orator of New England, of one who might have been called the finished product of culture and learning, he filled the place of Senator so well that he was never humiliated by unfavorable comparisons; and, whatever his deficiencies of scholastic learning may have been, his merits as a man and Senator were so plainly to be seen that Massachusetts, not without other ambitious resources, four times returned him to this body as the right man in the right place. With a long term still before him here, at the command of the nation he took the higher seat of Vice-President.

HENRY WILSON loved his whole race, and served the race next to his God. He sought their acquaintance—their approbation—and, when elevated himself to high positions, gladly mixed with common people, opening to them a great heart full of sympathy, and they admired and loved him in return. Rising from the mechanic's bench, and as much as St. Paul the master of a trade, he respected labor, and laborers first saluted him with honors. He spoke to them and for them, and they were proud of him. If he exalted their destiny, he did not refrain from exposing their faults. If they were intemperate, he

denounced not them, but intemperance. If they were idle, he set them an example of unflagging industry. If they were laboring for stinted wages, he urged employers to a more equitable division of profits. If they were illiterate, he showed how some knowledge could be gained by the evening blaze of tallow candles and by the light which breaks through the crevices of the early morning. When he lashed slavery, he had at the same time pity for the slave-holder as well as the slave. When he lauded freedom, he failed not to count the cost, and knew that it could only be sustained by an increased demand on the virtue and intelligence of both rulers and people.

In his speeches he never was betrayed into any ambitious use of language, and seldom decorated anything with borrowed scraps. It was enough if he was squarely understood; but he was ambitious to set forth such facts as would surely find a lodgment in the hearts of his hearers, and he never grew weary in the utterance of generous sentiments in behalf of the poor and lowly.

In politics he belonged to the party of movement, and believed nothing politically right which to him seemed morally wrong, or that was susceptible of improvement. He would have men in high places teach by example. His patriotism was of the broadest character and always ablaze, and for those who had served their country as soldiers or sailors there were no wages too high, no pensions not earned, and no bounties undeserved.

Henry Wilson was not a philosopher thoughtfully

guided by profound research and unyielding logic, nor a wit who surprised and captivated his hearers with brilliant thoughts, nor was he eminent in any special branch of knowledge, and it cost him very little to change his opinion in matters of mere expediency if he found himself in error, or if he found later and better supports for a different opinion; but when once fully identified with any measure of principle, or with any matter that touched the tender sensibilities of his heart, he never deserted it, and had all the courage required to lead even a forlorn hope. If he was incapable of great essays on great subjects, he never lacked enthusiasm in a great cause, nor the will in such a cause to offer himself as "the man of all work," and he came to the front in shaping and pushing forward events. He was not only the earnest adherent of all measures for the advancement of the welfare of mankind, but he made his earnestness contagious. He was for thirty-five years conversant with public men and public affairs, and this gave elevation to his character and dignity to his career. He quickly fathomed the general sentiment of the public, and knew how to organize success. Officially he hardly aspired to be great, or to shine in the routine discharge of his duties, but as ever-stirring HENRY WILSON he was great; great in his confiding simplicity, his homespun integrity, his unbounded love of country, and his knowledge of men and their opinions. True, he sought office, but not for its trappings and emoluments; he sought it because he honestly believed, with

the leverage of power to be obtained, he could be useful to his country, and seldom has the country been called to mourn the loss of a more unselfish public servant, a more courageous champion of human rights, or a more devoted lover of his country.

He was on the side of those who won in the contest for the emancipation of a race, and the result marks the age and satisfies a Christian world; but he never exulted over those who lost, and carried no trophies of the contest in his belt and no unspent anger in his bosom. All he asked was that no step backward should be taken, and that freemen should have the rights of freemen.

Little qualified as he might be supposed to have been for the work of a historian, yet, having selected the great theme of "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," he fortunately was able here to concentrate his life-thoughts and to marshal the large array of facts which had long crowded his memory, or which he gathered with tireless industry, in so creditable a manner, so full and so fair, as possibly to make this, though left incomplete, the most prominent work of his life, and the one which may serve longest to perpetuate his memory and give the most enduring luster to his name.

He was a peace-maker. Careful himself not to give offense, he was pained when any strife arose among his associates, and made haste to obtain, if possible, explanations leading to a restoration of harmony and good-will. If successful, he at least was made happy. He was not

ashamed of his poverty, and yet never failed to dilate with pride upon the amplitude of the wealth of his native land. He died poor, but rich in the greatest of estates—the affections of his countrymen.

Senators, we are witnesses that all of his capabilities, whether of nature or nurture, were ever actively employed—no fragment of his strength nor of his time ran to waste. If, as it occurs to most busy public men traveling toward the undiscovered country, his tired hand left unfinished some share of his projected work, we know he passed away in full faith that he was summoned to higher work, and, whatever he might here leave unwritten, that he would find his own name in the Book of Life written by a hand divine.

Address by Mr. Stevenson, of Kentucky.

Mr. President, I have listened with interest to the eloquent tributes of respect to the memory of the distinguished dead which have been offered by the Senators who have preceded me. From their stand-point, little could be added to their pathos, to their beauty, or to their justice; and yet, I should feel that my duty were but half performed, if I did not on this occasion, tender to the people of Massachusetts, the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of the Commonwealth of Kentucky upon the sad bereavement, which, in removing from our midst the Vice-President of the United States, deprives that venerable Commonwealth of one of her most distinguished sons.

The life of HENRY WILSON is full of instruction. It is wonderful in its incidents; it is novel in its results. His success is a just and beautiful commentary on American institutions. It is an example of their excellence; it unfolds their beneficence; it illustrates most grandly their equality.

Self-exertion was the key to his success. He was born in obscurity amid the wilds and snows of New Hampshire. Without friends, without influence, extreme

poverty forced him at an early age into close companionship with the manual tillage of New Hampshire's sterile soil. He was cheerful, healthy, contented, and industrious. His early years were spent in the Spartan simplicity and purity of New England life. Without books, he coveted knowledge. That very want created the independence of thought which afterward became so prominent an element in his life. Self-wrought, self-reliant, HENRY WILSON was molded in that massive type of New Hampshire manhood, of which Woodbury, and Chase, and Webster were the grander and more conspicuous exemplars.

Subsequently, agricultural labor was exchanged for the manufacture of shoes. In 1855, by self-culture, industry, and study, the shoemaker of Massachusetts became the Senator of that Commonwealth in this Chamber of Equals. Seventeen years later, and the humble cobbler of Natick was called by the people to become Vice-President of the United States. What a struggle! What an issue! What a triumph! What incentives to virtuous and lofty exertion do the incidents of his life hold out to the industrious and friendless youth throughout the length and breadth of this vast land! And, as homage is paid to virtue, as an incentive to its cultivation, how just, how meet, how proper, that the good, the great, and the noble should be honored and their names preserved!

This is not the time, nor am I the person to enter into

the consideration of the public character and political services of the late Vice-President, interwoven as they have been with the history of our country during a period of intense sectional excitement, including, too, within its range, a gigantic, bloody civil war. He was, in my judgment, more of an enthusiast and of a politician, than of a clear, philosophical, well-balanced statesman. Human liberty to him seemed an extravagant day-dream! Its very excess, without limitation, without restriction, in violation of law, was an accomplishment earnestly, constantly, and most sincerely desired

Could Henry Wilson have known it, there were statesmen in southern portions of the old thirteen States, who, could they have willed it, would have removed slavery. There were others in the State in which he was born, and that in which he lived, and where he now sleeps, who also would have rejoiced to see slavery extirpated. But these wise men would have regulated that removal by law. They would have taken no step which did not find its sanction in the Constitution. Such men were part and parcel of that band whose valor won our liberty, and whose wisdom sought its preservation under a system of constitutional self-government, binding into a common brotherhood, thirteen sovereign States, with their diverse domestic institutions, and varied interests, under one common government for mutual defense, protection, and external intercourse, but leaving each State free and unrestricted, under its separate constitution, to manage

and regulate its own internal polity. Such was the Union born of the Revolution and ordained by the Constitution of the United States.

But I forbear. The life, public character, and services of HENRY WILSON will be upon another occasion intrusted to other hands. Be mine the poor privilege to-day to speak only of traits in the character of the dead which commanded my admiration, and which, now that he is gone, I shall love to dwell upon with melancholy pleasure.

I knew HENRY WILSON for eighteen years. When I entered the House of Representatives in 1857, he had but a short time before, taken his seat in this Chamber. My intercourse with him was then formal but friendly. When I subsequently entered the Senate in 1871, he received me with a kindness and cordiality which I can never forget. The official conduct of Mr. WILSON was always unexceptionable. As a Senator, he was dignified, urbane, kind, and respectful. As its Presiding Officer, he was just, honest, and impartial, and sought always to do right. No man could have been more simple and unostentatious in his tastes, or, as it seemed to me, more self-denying and frugal in his life. But it is just to say, that my intercourse with Vice-President WILSON extended only to public and personal intercourse within these halls. I never followed him into those closer circles of domestic life where all the virtues and all the affections of the human heart blossom and entwine themselves around the loved ones who constitute the charmed circle of home. So far

as I know—so far as I believe—he was upright, virtuous, temperate, just, and, in the latter part of his public career, when the meridian heats of party strife had given way to those autumnal and clearer tints of life's declining sun, his heart seemed to expand, and, as he more than once told me, its love embraced every section of his entire country. He said he was tired of the strife, discord, and sectional alienation with which the Congress of the United States had of late so much abounded.

But, Mr. President, he is gone—gone from us forever! He died suddenly. He died in the Capitol. He died with the harness on. His sun went down without a cloud upon its disk. Its last rays were clear, bright, and tranquil. His spirit, we would fain hope, intrepid and unterrified, resting with faith upon its Saviour and upon its God, was borne safely through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Peace, then, to his ashes!

Senators, death, it seems to me, of late years has been entering oftener and more frequently into this Chamber. Year by year its monitory messages addressed to our frail individual humanity come oftener and come quicker. But they all bear the same solemn, unwelcome truth—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

Address by Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas.

Mr. President, it has been common to allude to the history of men like HENRY WILSON as peculiarly American, and to declare that such careers are possible only under republican institutions. Nothing could be further from the truth. The world has had few leaders who were born to an inheritance of power. Its real kings have not been the sons of kings. Its acknowledged monarchs have not descended from monarchs. The founders of its philosophies have not been the children of philosophers, nor of its dynasties the heirs of emperors. The framers of the creeds, the inventors of the faiths and religions of the human race, have come from the manger, the forge, the carpenter's bench, and not from the church. The great leaders of its armies have not sprung from warriors; and those who have written the dramas and pronounced the orations that are immortal have inherited neither their passion nor their eloquence. A pedigree may be gratifying to pride but it is not consoling to ambition.

The choicest products of nature are developed in her valleys, and not on her summits; and in the lower social strata we find the origin of the most successful men.

In the profession of public affairs or statecraft, it may

be that the operation of this universal law is more apparent under a political system like ours, where the hard restrictions and limitations of custom, precedent, and convention do not prevail; but our history gives ample illustration of its truth. To discriminate among the living would be ungracious, but if we inquire who among the illustrious servants of the Republic in the past have most ineffaceably stamped their ideas and purposes upon the institutions and irrevocably shaped the destinies of the nation, the answer would designate those who had not been favored by birth or fortune. Jackson and Lincoln among the Presidents, Webster, Clay, and Douglas among the statesmen, are imperishably associated with the first century of the Republic. Emerging from an obscurity more profound than either of these, and reaching an elevation that gives him a permanent position in our history, HENRY WILSON demands to-day the last formal recognition and tribute that his country can extend to his acts and his fame.

The story of his life has been told by his successor, whose powerful delineation of his character and services has left nothing to be recounted save the lessons of his marvelous career.

It is perhaps not too much to say that he succeeded less in spite of his disadvantages than because of them. The defects of his training and scholarship, the laborious poverty of his youth, the humble avocations of his early manhood, were favorable to his fortunes. They kept him

on a level with the masses of the people and enabled him to interpret their purposes with prophetic accuracy. It was by reason of this that he became a popular orator without being eloquent, that he became a voluminous author without the advantages of preliminary education, that the men of Massachusetts ignored their patricians and sent the Natick cobbler to the Senate, and finally to die in the Capitol of the nation.

He possessed in an eminent degree that peculiar assemblage of physical, mental, and moral qualities that are requisite to political success in a popular government. He was from and of the people pre-eminently; not alienated from them by extraordinary endowments or great wealth or superior culture, but exhibiting only a higher degree or a more vigorous activity of the virtues and powers that are common among men; industry, diligence, patience, and scrupulous integrity. So that the great body of citizens in supporting him seemed to be indirectly paying a tribute of respect to themselves, and not yielding either a willing or reluctant obedience to a superior or ruler.

But no public man, whatever may be his qualifications, can succeed unless he identifies himself with some idea or conviction existing in the minds of the people. He who would lead must follow. And in this respect the Vice-President was especially fortunate. He entered public life at the commencement of that great revolt of the national conscience against human slavery, and thenceforth he devoted all his energies to its extinction. He became

one of the great exponents and representatives of this idea. It gave form, substance, and complexion to all his efforts. He mastered its statistics, defined its purposes, and in the great contest that followed he bore a notable and conspicuous part. He gave expression to the resolve of the loyal millions that in the country of Washington the creed of human liberty should not be an unmeaning formula nor the brotherhood of man an empty dream.

This the measure of his work and its reward.

Address by Mr. Bogy, of Missouri.

Mr. President, I met Mr. WILSON for the first time in March, 1873, when he administered to me the oath as a Senator. A few days afterward I called on him at his lodgings to pay him my respects, and a short time after this he returned me the visit. This was the extent of our intercourse, besides exchanging a few friendly words on the floor of this body. I therefore cannot claim to have known him personally very well; but his history as a public man is not unknown to me, and it is in this character that I desire to speak of him on this occasion His career was certainly very remarkable, and both suggestive and instructive. He was born in New Hampshire, but it is as a child of the old State of Massachusetts that he is known to the world. We are informed that he was born in the humblest station and had no advantages of early education, compelled at the outset of life to learn a trade so as to earn his livelihood.

The State in which his lot was cast is known for its wealth, social refinement, high education; for its numerous men of distinction in all the professions, and also for its large number of distinguished public characters, many of whom have been known to the country as men of the

most exalted abilities. It was among such men and in such a society and under such circumstances that he had to make his way, from way down, up to fame and to distinction, and yet he successfully secured both. Was this the result of accident, of what is vulgarly called luck, or was it the reward of great intellectual gifts? It was neither. Mere luck will not secure such a prize. Yet there must have been something in his character to have enabled him to accomplish what he did accomplish. Luck or favorable circumstances alone will accomplish nothing.

But the existence of favorable circumstances, which exist at some time or other for all men, in all countries, in all ages, and under all forms of government, wisely and intelligently understood and firmly and with a fixed purpose taken advantage of, will lead to fame or fortune as may be desired. Men of action—I mean by this that class of men who acquire either political or military fame—never have acquired or ever can acquire distinction without favorable circumstances. Washington would have lived as an intelligent and good farmer in Virginia, and never have been known to the world without the circumstance of the American Revolution; yet this circumstance was not of his creation. It may be safely said that other men did more at the outset to bring it about than he did; yet he wisely took advantage of it, and it enabled him to secure a name and fame without a parallel in the world. So it may be said of Cromwell. Without the English revolution he would have died unknown; yet, taking advantage of it,

he ruled not only the destinies of England but of Europe, and, indeed, of the world for a time. So it may be said of Napoleon. Without the French revolution, with the beginning of which he was in no way connected, he would have lived and died on the island of Corsica; yet, the circumstance of this great uprising of the French people occurring, he took advantage of it, and he too for a time ruled the destinies of his country and of Europe, and acquired a name for military genius and broad statesmanship unequaled by any one in any age of the world.

The circumstance which presented itself to Mr. Wilson was the slavery question. He saw, as he believed—and, as events have turned out, he did so with a remarkable prescience—that it would become the great question of his day, particularly in his section. He early identified himself with it, and as it acquired strength and popularity he rose with it. Showing at the outset an intelligent comprehension of the question, and exhibiting purpose and firmness to rise or fall with it, its success was his success; and so it may be said of the three great characters first mentioned. Had the great events with which they had linked their destinies failed, they, too, would have failed.

Thus, Mr. President, it is seen that it is not mere brilliant genius and high intellectual endowments which secure the largest prizes in fame's lottery; but purpose, will, manhood, courage, all presided over by intelligence, although this intelligence may be infinitely below that of Lord Bacon. Hence I say that the life of Mr. Wilson is in-

structive to the millions of poor and obscure boys, however humble, who are scattered throughout this broad land, and surely none can start from a humbler position than he did; and as he attained fame and distinction, and died holding the second office in this Government, to which he had been called by a majority of his countrymen, why may not many other poor and obscure boys do the same? They need not fear the want of favorable circumstances; they in some shape or under some peculiar condition exist always in each and every generation.

Our epoch will be marked in history for having given birth to three men, each one of whom was born in such lowly condition as to be nearly beyond the power of full realization. Yet one of these men became by election the President of this country, and the two others were elected to the second highest office—Lincoln, Johnson, and Wilson—all contemporaries, all in public life at the same time. Many years ago, in a debate in the House of Representatives, some one said that General Jackson had no education. Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, replied that this perhaps was true, but that Jackson knew how to make his mark. So it may be said of these three men; they had no education, or, at least, no perfect education, being all self-taught, but each and all have made their mark in indelible characters upon the pages of our history.

This occasion is suggestive to me of another great fact—the march of empire, the spread of our grand system of free government, which opens its portals wide and broad

to all the youths of this country, regardless of the advantages of family, wealth, or high social position. Mr. WILSON was a child of New England. At the time of his birth, my native State, which I in part have the honor to represent on this floor, was the outboundary of the Republic, the home of a few French Canadians, whose forefathers had penetrated more than a hundred years before the vast wilderness of the West as hunters and trappers—the true pioneers of the valley of the Mississippi. Missouri was then in what is known as the first grade of territorial government, and had within its extended boundaries less than thirty thousand inhabitants. Now it has a population of two millions. The secret of this rapid growth, this vast extension, is to be found in the beneficent system of republican government, which tells in language not to be mistaken to all the youths of this country, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the perfectly educated and the self-educated, that the rewards and honors of the great Republic belong to all, and will be awarded to the most meritorious. Like the contest in the garden of the Hesperides, the race is open to all—Athenians, Spartans, Bœotians, and Macedonians. He who shall prove the swifter in the race will secure the golden apple.

Mr. President, in conclusion I will say that it is my nature—perhaps the effect of the circumstances which surrounded my own early life in the wilderness of the West, among the rugged but honest and brave pioneers of that country—to entertain a profound admiration for such

characters as Lincoln, Johnson, and WILSON—men who were the architects of their own fortunes, and who relied alone on their own brave hearts and strong arms and a beneficent Government for the fame and name which they achieved.

Address by Mr. Morton, of Indiana.

Mr. President, I have had no time or opportunity to prepare a fitting eulogy; and I can only utter those thoughts that are uppermost in my mind in regard to HENRY WILSON. He was a man of very marked characteristics, and his public career in some respects stands out from all the statesmen of his day. Born in poverty, as has been said, having no advantages of early education, without riches and influential friends to push him forward in the world, he was the architect of his own fortunes, and it may be said in a very peculiar sense he fought his battles alone. He had no partisans. He cared little for public patronage; but he relied upon the strength of public opinion and the principles which he advocated. His great strength was in his convictions. He was a man of ideas, and relied upon ideas for his success. He was a man of courage. He dared to follow his convictions wherever they led him, and he was brave enough to refuse to fight a duel in this capital at a time when the spirit of dueling ruled here and heaped ridicule upon every man who refused to acknowledge the "code."

The world will acknowledge hereafter that HENRY

WILSON was right upon all great questions affecting human liberty and the progress of the age. His political career was cast at a time when there was more attention paid to the discussion of the fundamental principles of our Government and the rights of man than to mere economic questions; and it was in the consideration of such questions that he derived his fame. He was not a man of brilliant or showy talents, but he was a man of great talents, if we can judge by results accomplished. Many acquire reputation for great talents who never achieve anything; but HENRY WILSON, without having that reputation, did achieve great results.

He was essentially a practical man. I was associated with him on this floor for six years as a Senator, and during all that time I never knew him to advertise an effort; I never knew him to speak for the applause of the galleries. He spoke only to convince the Senate and to accomplish the purpose he had in view. But, sir, it is doubtful whether any man of his time had more influence upon public opinion than had HENRY WILSON. The country had confidence in his devotion. He was right upon the great questions, and the country will come to believe that. He was a quarter of a century in advance of his time.

There is one respect in which the character of HENRY WILSON as a statesman will stand out from the men of his time, and that is as the representative of the workingmen. Of humble origin, brought up to labor, all his sympa-

thies were identified with that class of our countrymen. Respecting scrupulously the rights of property and of capital, yet it was always his purpose and seemed to be his aim to elevate the laboring men. He desired their education, and sought in every way in his power to alleviate their condition, both male and female.

His life was somewhat lonely, especially the last years of it, going into society sometimes, but never fondly. He preferred his studies, and his great object was to complete the work upon which he was engaged, "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." He did not quite succeed in that purpose. Had he been spared a few months, perhaps a few weeks longer, the work would have been finished. I have frequently heard him speak of it fondly, and of his great desire to complete it. He wanted to leave that as the literary record of his life.

He was kind-hearted. I believe he never entertained malice. I do not remember that I ever heard him speak unkindly of any one, and while earnestly maintaining the Union and zealous in suppressing the rebellion, he seemed to entertain no malice toward the men who originated the rebellion and carried it on. He seemed to believe his work was done when slavery was abolished and the rebellion was suppressed. Taking a deep interest in reconstruction, he seemed to believe that that was a thing to follow as a matter of course, and that victory was won in the destruction of slavery and suppression of the rebellion.

A man of simple character, utterly indifferent to dis-

play, and seemingly indifferent to fame, yet undoubtedly keenly alive to the good opinion of his countrymen, he has left behind him a memory that ought to be cherished, and, as has just been said, he is an example to the youth of our country of what can be accomplished by sound sense, by industry, by patient devotion to study.

He was emphatically a self-made man. No man this country has ever produced was more clearly entitled to that distinction. As I before said, he fought his battles almost alone; he fought without those aids that often elevate men to power and distinction. He has won a great name that will grow brighter and brighter as time passes on

I cherished for him a warm friendship. I met him first in 1855, in the State of Indiana. It was about the first appearance I had made in the political field. A public meeting was held in the city of Indianapolis on the occasion of the anniversary of the ordinance of 1787; I think it was on the 13th of July. I heard him make a speech there, and it was my privilege to follow him in a short address, and he spoke to me on that day words of kindness and of encouragement that I shall never forget. A friendship began then which grew stronger and stronger until he was taken away. I shall personally revere and cherish the memory of HENRY WILSON, and so, I believe, will all who knew him well.

Address by Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island.

Mr. President, it was well said by my friend from Kentucky that the life of HENRY WILSON forms a chapter of American history full of instruction; it is full of cheerful instruction, full of hope to languid patriotism, full of encouragement to ingenuous youth. In his desolate and unprotected childhood, in the early struggles through which his faculties developed into strength and his virtues hardened into consistency, in the steadfast purpose and the great results of his manhood, we have an illustration and a vindication of free institutions. With no advantages of birth or connection, he outstripped, in the career of life, those who started with him in the enjoyment of them all. The strength that he acquired in overcoming obstacles that friendly hands had removed from the paths of others enabled him to meet, with greater vigor, those obstacles which every man must encounter for himself. Without assistance, at the age when assistance is most needed, with little sympathy, till he had won a position that made him independent of it, he raised himself to the second place in the Republic, and, in the minds of many, was designated for the first.

I do not purpose to delineate his character, or to recount the story of his life. I should only repeat what has been better said, here and elsewhere, by those to whom the grateful duty was most appropriate. Enough that, in an age too much devoted to the pursuit of wealth, he carried his contempt for money to a fault; that in a time when the luxuriousness of private life had invaded the purity and threatened the safety of society, he preserved the simple habits that best become a republican magistrate; that as he had borne adversity without murmuring and with unconquerable determination, so he bore success with moderation; and that, in all his high employments, the possession of power never provoked him to insolence in the exercise of it. I will not adduce, among the evidences of his merit, that his personal character mainly escaped calumny, for the best men in public life are not the least vilified, and political malignity seeks not the justice but the occasion of assault. But even that malignity could find little upon which to fasten its fangs in one whose chief use for money was to give it to others, and whose only use of power was for the public good.

Nor was the occasion of his death inappropriate to his life. It has been lamented that the inevitable hour found him away from his home, and without the tender ministrations of woman. In this regret I do not share. Where should the patriot warrior die, rather than on the field of battle or on the slippery deck, with the flag of his country victorious over him? Where should the patriot statesman

whose life has been devoted to freedom die, rather than in the Capitol, whose uplifted Dome bears aloft the vindicated statue of Liberty?

And home he had none. No man shared more largely in the affections of the American people; no man was more beloved by his immediate constituency; but those pleasures which the greatest of American orators placed above all the other immeasurable blessings of rational existence, above the treasures of science and the delights of learning and the aspects of nature, even above good government and religious liberty, "the transcendent sweets of domestic life," were no more for him. Those relations which nature intended for the joy and the rapture of our youth, for the happiness and the embellishment of our maturer years, for the comfort and consolation of age, had been severed by the remorseless shears of fate. No eye grew brighter when he raised the latch that held his lonely dwelling; no outstretched arms of wife, no ringing laughter of children, welcomed his returning footsteps, when he crossed the threshold over which all that had given life, and joy, and beauty to that simple abode, and had lighted it up with a glory not of palaces, had been borne never to return. He had nothing left to love but his country. It was proper, then, that he should die here, here where his greatest work had been wrought, here where his greatest triumphs had been achieved, here where his voice had been raised, till the outer corridors had echoed back his words, for truth, for justice, for right.

It was proper that from yonder Chamber, to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens had carried him, he was borne to his final place of rest. He entered that town, for the first time, a friendless lad, all his possessions carried in a bundle which swung lightly in his hand. He entered it, for the last time, accompanied by the pageantry of a nation's woe, with muffled drums, and arms reversed, and banners draped in black; from a thousand heights the flag of his country drooped at half-mast; from fort and arsenal and dock-yard the booming of a single gun, at solemn intervals, announced the progress of the sad procession. Tender and loving hands received him; friends and neighbors, who loved him because he was good, even more than they admired him because he was great, stood tearfully around his open grave. The bleak winds of a New England winter came down from his native hills, and moaned his requiem through the leafless trees. And there, with swelling hearts, but with unfaltering trust in the eternal promises of God, they laid his manly and stalwart form to mingle with the dust of his kindred.

Address by Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts.

Mr. President, the life and work of the late Vice-President were in all respects so remarkable that they challenge the study and admiration of the American people. The biography of distinguished men, the richest of a nation's treasures, will yield large space to the one, and the record of great and noble achievements, a nation's proudest monument, will comprehend the full measure of the other. And yet, to the most intimate friend and companion, the lesson is not easy. That life so fitly closed in the Capitol of the nation to whose salvation and glory it was consecrated, and that work so graciously terminated at the goal of all his desires, have neither prototype nor parallel. Each stands out alone by itself, and is unlike any other that has gone before or survived it. He lived from infancy to the end as no other man has lived. He worked, from his first entrance into public life till his departure, as no man ever worked before him. He was a creation, a specialty, a force all by itself, and yet ever in the midst and always potent. No one could tell how he had attained to this individuality, and yet no one would correctly calculate the resultant of the ever multiplied and conflicting

influences bending political opinion who ignored this factor.

Of so obscure and humble an origin that whenever friendless poverty sought for a type or representative, his name was spoken before any other; of a public life so pure and upright amid temptation and sin that his example was held up for imitation before all others; deprived of opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge as no other in youth or manhood, he nevertheless sought out or created them, and availed himself of a breadth of study far more than others to whom opportunities come unbidden and among whom learning scatters her treasures with the most lavish hand. He studied men more than books, and his education came from personal contact with the practical affairs of life, and not from the study of other men's acquisitions in knowledge. His whole life bore unmistakable evidence of the school in which its lessons were learned. Tested by the standard of those the world calls learned he was no scholar, but tried by that which the world calls safe, practical, useful, he was wise beyond his generation. While he read books some and profited much by their perusal, he read men more and thereby gathered a larger knowledge of the practical duties of life than it was possible for him to have acquired in any other way.

He had not genius, but he had what is more certain of success, industry and fidelity, and their rewards crowned his endeavors. No one can understand or properly esti-

mate his character or career except by a study of the elements which formed the one and furnished the instrumentalities which wrought out the other. It was impossible that he should be like other men, because the very food which was his necessity the multitude of men shun or escape. And thus it is that only by a proper study of the school in which the heart and head of HENRY WILSON were developed can be found the key to that remarkable life and noble work whose sublime termination we seek by these ceremonies this day to commemorate.

The world upon which he first opened his eyes was an utterly barren waste, and nowhere, in all his journey through it, did any green thing gladden his sight which his own hands did not plant and his own fidelity water till it bore its legitimate fruit; nowhere an opportunity for improvement or work, nor an instrumentality for the accomplishment of good, which his own courage and indomitable will did not pluck from the very jaws of an adverse fate. And thus he was never educated *for* his life-work, but only in and by it, and he grew to fitness for it, and to a marvelous power in it, just as the right arm of the blacksmith grows strong through the very blows it strikes.

When taste led him into politics in 1840 he was without education in public affairs, without experience as a speaker or any of the natural gifts of an orator. But he had convictions. He believed that, under a Government by and for all, it was the duty of all to study and to understand their relations to it and their duties and obligations under

it, and in that sense to be politicians—honest, earnest, aggressive politicians. And in teaching others he taught himself, till he became one of the most efficient political teachers and leaders in his generation. The logic of the schools and the arts of the rhetorician he never studied and never knew, but of the logic of events and the eternal fitness of things he seemed to have intuitive knowledge, and in the enforcement of their lessons he was remarkably effective. He had the courage of his convictions, and he followed them, sometimes, though seldom, into the wrong, but still he followed them fearlessly, across party lines, into strange company, into seeming inconsistencies, and into danger if need be. Wherever they led, there he followed.

Mr. Wilson was a hater of slavery and every sort of oppression and infringement on human rights from his boyhood. He could not have been otherwise without being false to himself and all the experiences of his life. War on these wrongs became to him a mission, and he took upon himself its work with vows and covenants, never faltering so long as there was work to do. He subordinated to it all party ties and relations, keeping company with political associates and acknowledging fealty to political organizations only so long as this higher purpose of his life could, in his opinion, be promoted thereby. This led him to become a disturbing element, disorganizing old parties and organizing new ones. He was a revolutionist in politics, and bore a conspicuous part in every

great political revolt existing organizations have encountered in his time. He first came upon the stage as a young whig orator in the great political revolution of 1840, and participated actively and efficiently in the memorable campaign which in that year brought the whig party into power. With more zeal, as he grew in years and in strength, did he lead in 1848 in the organization of the free-soil party for the destruction of both the whig and democratic parties. In 1851 and 1852 he was the master-spirit of a coalition between the free-soil and democratic parties in his own State in a successful campaign against the whig party of that State, dislodging it from power and dividing the offices between the allies, placing Mr. Sumner in the Senate and a democrat in the governor's chair. In 1854, he was one of the leaders in the organization of the American party of that day, which overwhelmed in a common defeat the whig, democratic, and republican parties, carrying down, by his own efforts, his own name at the head of the republican ticket for governor of the State. By this party he was himself elected to the Senate of the United States. In 1855 he again led, in the councils of that same American party at Philadelphia, a revolt which dismembered and disbanded it on its first attempt to control national politics; and in the following year he was found earnest and foremost in the work of organizing and preparing the present national republican party for its ultimate triumph in 1860. With this party in its avowed work he continued to act during the remainder of his life.

He had often in those years to answer the charge of vacillation and inconsistency and a desire for office and power regardless of the means used for their attainment. He met all these accusations with the bold announcement that, with him, neither place nor power nor party was anything but means to an end beyond and above them all, and that he would never seek nor serve either except for the attainment of that end. He outlived many years the adverse criticisms and enmities this course engendered; and, as in later years, amid the great events in which he bore so prominent a part, his untiring zeal and absolute devotion to the political elevation of the down-trodden stood out to be read of all men, the general public judgment accorded to him a sincerity, sagacity, and statesmanship in these frequent changes of political relations which were not universally conceded at the time of their occurrence.

Mr. Wilson rose rapidly from his first entrance into public life in 1840. He was a member of the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature by repeated elections, four times a senator, and twice the presiding officer of that body. He was also a leading and influential member, among the ablest men of the State, of the constitutional convention of 1853. He was several times candidate of the party with which he acted for governor of the State and for Representative in Congress. In 1855, in one of those remarkable political revolutions before alluded to, he was elected Senator of the United States, and took his seat in this body in February of that year.

By repeated and nearly unanimous re-election he held the office of Senator eighteen years, and resigned it only to assume the duties of the office of Vice-President, to which he had been elected in 1872, and which he held till his death in the National Capitol on the morning of the 22d of November last.

How he acquitted himself in the many positions of public trust and responsibility to which he was repeatedly called by his own State the people of Massachusetts bear testimony to-day in the sincere mourning which fills all hearts, and in the universal feeling of irreparable loss which finds expression in all her borders. How he bore himself in this broader field and under the weightier responsibilities and graver duties which the place and the times devolved upon him is personally known to many of you, Senators, before whom he went in and out daily in the patient and self-sacrificing performance of the work allotted him, and is now commended by a universal public judgment. He entered this body six years before the war; years of civil strife and commotion ripening into rebellion; years big with the great events and greater consequences of that national conflict. On the one side were arrayed Jefferson Davis, Toombs, Hunter, Butler, Benjamin, and their compeers, if not as yet menacing, certainly intense, bitter, and uncompromising. With them, by party affiliation, though not in sympathy, and vainly struggling against the current of party policy, were Cass and Douglas. On the other side, with whom WILSON

took his place, were, in the early morning of the struggle, Clayton, Crittenden, and Bell; and, all through its heat and burden, Wade, Fessenden, Trumbull, Hale, and his own great colleague, Sumner. The world has seldom, if ever, witnessed a more imposing array. Among the questions debated and determined were the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the Dred Scott decision, the forcing of slavery into Kansas and a government of slave-holders upon her people, the hunting of fugitives from slavery in free States, and other kindred measures, involving the very existence of the Republic. Never has the world listened to a debate on which were staked such momentous issues. Among these great men and in these great arguments Mr. Wilson was neither silent nor weak, but earned a national reputation. He was placed at the head of the Military Committee of this body at the beginning of the war, when its responsibilities and duties assumed an importance never known before. The records of the Senate and the contemporaneous testimony of the high officials who leaned on this committee for support in the exigencies of the war furnish ample evidence of the great ability and marvelous industry with which he met the difficult and delicate questions and incessant labors of this new position.

The close of the war brought to Mr. Wilson no release from active public service. He supported earnestly and most efficiently that series of great measures rendered necessary in the rehabilitation of the rebel States, and

which ultimately wrought those grand changes in the organic law of the land that will ever mark this period as an epoch in the world's history. Some of the most important of these measures originated with him, and in the final shape and reach of others may be traced the wise and practical counsel, never stumbling over forms nor missing the substance, which so characterized all his work. The complete history of the Republic during the eventful years of his service here—a history not yet written—will alone do justice to the indefatigable endeavors and the broad and patriotic statesmanship of HENRY WILSON, and to its judgment his name and fame may be safely committed.

The personal character of Mr. WILSON was full of noble qualities, endearing him to his friends while living and making his memory a constant delight. Kindness of heart seemed to mellow his whole nature. There was in him neither selfishness, nor envy, nor hate, and only generosity, charity, and good-will. He would empty his pockets and borrow of his neighbor to relieve suffering humanity stretching out its hands at the corners of the streets. He would toil and travel, day and night, without recompense or hope of reward, if thereby he could contribute to lift the humble and the lowly to manhood and its opportunities. With physical strength and mental vigor was spent for others his substance also, and when he died he left in all less than the value of one year's salary. Underneath all these gentle qualities there lived a personal courage which

never quailed in the face of danger. When, under a dispensation now, thank God, forever passed away, his distinguished colleague, for words spoken in debate, fell upon the floor of the Senate Chamber beneath the bludgeon of one mad with the fury of the times, Mr. WILSON, though one of the youngest Senators in service, and yet hardly known to those among whom he stood, denounced in his place the assault as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly." And then, in answer to a challenge from the assailant himself, he had the greater courage to defy both him and the barbarous code behind which such men skulk, in words which will live as long as the history of those dark times and darker deeds shall be read of men. From that hour till the day broke upon a regenerated Republic he carried his life in his hand; but never, to save that life, did he deviate a hair's breadth from the line of his duty.

The gratitude of the commonwealth whose commission in the public service he bore so long and with such signal fidelity and ability, and her grief at his loss, would bid me speak many things I must leave unsaid. A personal admiration of his life and work, joined with an uninterrupted and confiding friendship of many years, has already extended the language of eulogy beyond the proper limits of this occasion. The rest must be left to the history of the times in which he lived, and of the Republic to whose true glory his life was consecrated.

Mr. President, it is appointed unto all men once to die, and an untimely death overtakes no one, however inscruta-

ble to mortal vision is the dispensation. But we seem to see clearly, even now, that this great change came to Mr. WILSON in the fullness of time. In the fierce battle of life he had won the victory. The work to which he had set apart that life was done; for his countrymen were all free, were all equal before the law, and were at peace with the world and with one another. He died full of years, of honors, and in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. His mission here had indeed ended.

We cannot turn, however, from the contemplation of a life so humble and lowly in its beginning, so full of patriotic endeavor and noble achievements through all its progress, and so illustrious in its end, without reverently exclaiming, *Surely the ways of man are fashioned of God!*

And now, Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the distinguished dead, so recently our Presiding Officer, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at two o'clock and fifty-one minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Sympson, one of their clerks, communicated to the House the resolutions of the Senate on the announcement of the death of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will direct that the message received from the Senate in regard to the death of the late Vice-President be now read.

Mr. HOLMAN. I ask unanimous consent that during the consideration of the resolutions from the Senate, now about to be brought to the attention of the House, the privileges of the floor be extended to the delegation of editors from Indiana who are now visiting this Capitol. I believe this is in conformity with precedent.

There being no objection, it was ordered accordingly.

The Clerk read as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 21, 1876.

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-

President of the United States and President of the Senate, who had been for eighteen years of consecutive service a member of this body.

Resolved, That business be now suspended that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Mr. WARREN. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States.

Resolved, That business be now suspended to allow fitting tributes to be paid to his public and private virtues; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House at the close of such remarks shall adjourn.

Address by Mr. Warren, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Speaker, again, and seemingly all too soon, Massachusetts calls upon the Houses of Congress to pause in their customary labors and join her in paying tribute to the memory of one of her departed statesmen. This time she has to mourn the loss of him who had been honored by the highest office in the Federal Government attained by any of her citizens during the last half century, Henry Wilson, the eighteenth Vice-President of the United States.

Born at Farmington, in the State of New Hampshire, on the 16th day of February, 1812, his early life was passed in unceasing toil. Yet from childhood he had such a thirst for knowledge that when at his maturity he left his birth-place, he had not only read but had stored in his memory, where it remained ever after available for instant use, whatever the best authorities upon English and American history up to that time had written.

In 1833 Mr. Wilson removed to Natick, in Massachusetts, and made that place his home. There he was married, and there his remains now repose with those of his wife and son. His business life, perhaps the least important part of his history, was confined entirely to the

manufacture of boots and shoes, a branch of industry then in its infancy in the part of Massachusetts in which he resided. But in business he always exhibited the same patience of labor and faithfulness in performance which characterized all his undertakings. He was by no means the least efficient among those whose ingenuity and exertions brought that manufacture up to its present vast proportions.

It is, however, in his public life that we are more peculiarly interested. He took an active part in the canvass of 1840, which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, and was himself elected in that year to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. From that time forward his name has never been disconnected from the history of Massachusetts politics, except so far as it is more intimately associated with the politics of the whole country. Once defeated, he was in 1844 a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1845. In this latter year he presided over a convention assembled to oppose the admission of Texas into the Union. In 1846 he returned to the House of Representatives, having declined a renomination to the Senate. In 1848 he was a member of the national convention which nominated General Taylor. This nomination was effected against the strenuous opposition of Mr. Wilson, who felt that Mr. Webster should have received the honor. He consequently was zealous in opposing the election of General Taylor, and took part in the calling and organizing of

the Buffalo convention which nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. He was chairman of the free-soil State committee in 1849. In 1850 he again sat in the State House of Representatives, and was the candidate of his party for Speaker. In the fall of that year he was one of the originators and chief supporters of the coalition between the free-soil and democratic parties, which elected Mr. Boutwell governor, Mr. Wilson himself to the State Senate, and made him president of that body, and, after a severe contest, sent Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States. In 1852 he was a delegate to the national convention of the free-soil party held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; was chairman of the national free-soil committee; failed of an election to Congress by less than a hundred votes, and was again president of the Massachusetts senate. His address of welcome to Louis Kossuth, made the same year as chairman of a legislative committee, won the applause of all parties. In 1853 he was a member of and took a prominent part in a convention called to revise the constitution of the commonwealth. Here he made his influence felt, although the convention contained the ablest men in the State of every party. In the same year he was the candidate of his party for governor, and again in 1854, but was never elected to that office. In the latter year he was actively engaged in organizing the opposition to the repeal of the Missouri compromise. In that year, also, he joined the native American or know-

nothing party, as it was called, which elected its candidate for governor and a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. That Legislature met in January, 1855, and, on the resignation of Mr. Everett, elected Mr. Wilson to the United States Senate. He took his seat in that body on the 10th day of February, 1855, and continued to occupy it until he assumed the office of Vice-President, March 4, 1873.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to recount his labors as a member of the Senate. Suffice it to say that when the history of its memorable doings, for the last twenty memorable years, shall come to be written, there will be no chapter of the whole record that will not perforce mention the name and speak of the labors of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. And the history of the party to which he belonged, and at whose birth he assisted, will make mention of no man who did more to lead that party from its early adversity and defeat to its final triumph and long tenure of power; no man who labored harder, through good and through evil report, with brain and tongue and hand in the cause to which he was devoted; no man who was keener in foreseeing and surer in taking the precise step in which the people were ready to follow; no man who understood better how to lead forward his party from position to position until, through their support, every measure of policy which he deemed essential was finally established, than Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. And so it happened that before and during

and since our civil conflict he was all the time one of the foremost leaders, one of the most trusted advisers, among the men who in those periods in the main shaped the destiny of our people.

With this brief sketch of the wonderfully successful career of Mr. WILSON I might pause. But were I to do so I might leave the impression that his life was hardly an exceptional one in this new and growing country. There are, it is true, innumerable instances in each succeeding generation of men who, from poverty and deprivation, have worked their way upward to high position, and meanwhile have educated themselves sufficiently to be enabled to bear off their honors bravely and do credit to themselves and the State. But Mr. WILSON had to contend against no ordinary odds. His was not the lot of him who in a new country, by simple force of character, energy, and industry, becomes a leader among the hardy pioneers who surround him. He went a self-taught youth from his rustic home into the most populous portion of one of the oldest States in the Union. He took up his abode in the immediate vicinity of our most ancient seat of learning. He chose as his political associates a party comprising probably two-thirds of the people of Massachusetts and an equal proportion of those who might truly be called the educated and cultivated men in a community behind none on this continent in intelligence and refinement. It was with the picked men in such a community and in such a party that he was brought into comparison

and finally into competition. And it seems to me the great success of his life that he took a front rank among such competitors and finally superseded the foremost of them in the leadership of his party.

He must, then, have been possessed of some unusual abilities besides mere intellectual power, general knowledge, the gift of eloquence, or personal character. These were possessed in sufficient degree by hundreds of his compeers. True, he was not lacking in energy; he shrunk from no labor; his mind worked easily and he rarely failed to detect the vulnerable point in his adversary's position; he had no dearth of general information, and even in his early days his style of oratory was far above the average. But over and above all this he had in a pre-eminent degree two especial qualifications for political leadership. These were, first, an intimate acquaintance with all the facts of our past and current political history. A memory naturally tenacious had been trained and crammed to hold this knowledge of political facts always at command. This kind of knowledge has not of late been common in Massachusetts. One effect of the course of education in that State during the last third of a century, combined doubtless with other causes, has been to produce a distaste for political life among men of the highest education, and an aversion to any great familiarity with the details of American political history.

In the second place, Mr. WILSON had no superior as a party organizer. There may be some who will deem the

possession of the faculty for organizing men into a compact and formidable body as not a subject for eulogy. Such is not my opinion. English and American history for centuries has been the history of parties. No other instrumentality has been, none is likely to be devised which will supplant them as the ready and necessary means for molding the policy of the state. In a country where new questions are constantly arising and former ones becoming obsolete, the organizer is scarcely, if at all, less important than the thinker. The student will spend his life in the seclusion of his closet; the orator, be he ever so impassioned and eloquent, will arouse only discord and ill-temper, until he appears who can transform their speculations and declamation into a body of measures to the support of which he can bring a potent array of his fellow-men. It was only through the organizing skill of HENRY WILSON that it became possible for Charles Sumner to pass from a private station to the Senate of the United States. If those who claim to be leaders of thought and to possess superiority in culture and knowledge in our community desire or expect hereafter to resume that guidance and control over our affairs which they have of late been wont to complain are not conceded to them, they must, first, in knowledge of and familiarity with national and local politics, and secondly, in learning how to organize and direct masses of men, take a lesson from the life of HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts.

With all these qualifications, however, continued suc-

cess would rarely fall to the lot of any man who had not some great purpose to accomplish. Knowledge of affairs and skill in party organization would be acquirements dangerous to the public weal unless accompanied by a high sense of honor and unselfish devotion to a noble cause. In the case of Mr. WILSON no one needs to be told that the sentiment that controlled him was the anti-slavery sentiment, which he shared in common with almost all the people of his State and section. But while with most it was for a long time only a sentiment, with him it became the pivot on which his political conduct turned. And without even an allusion to the measures and events which have for many years been uppermost in the minds of us all, without speculating upon what might have been done or what avoided, it is not too much to say that at this time and in this place, where the people of every State in the Union are once again fully represented, there is no man who will hesitate to do full justice to the purity of motive, the sincerity of conviction, and the elevation of sentiment of the earlier New England anti-slavery men.

But it is the crowning glory of Vice-President WILSON'S life that while he never wavered in his hostility to an institution which in his view was a violation of human rights and a standing insult to the dignity of labor, he never permitted himself to cherish any bitterness of feeling toward his political antagonists, even after the angry conflict of arms had for a time almost obliterated all kindly

feelings between the divided sections. Many and many are the men in all parts of the South who in their hour of distress have found in him a friend and benefactor, and here almost within reach of my hand are those who bear cheerful testimony to his efforts in their behalf whereby their prison doors were opened and they themselves returned to their homes and friends.

And so in a more public manner in the last year of his life, when he felt that his efforts in behalf of human freedom and the elevation of labor (for he always united the two in his thoughts) had reached their full fruition, he set himself at work to ascertain what might be done to alleviate the distresses of the Southern people. Forgetting the politician and the partisan, he remembered only that he was a man and a Christian. And thus it happened that when he came to die he left behind no personal or political enemy, but was at peace with all mankind. A reunited nation in mourning sympathy followed his mortal part to its final resting-place, and to-day expresses a common grief in a common loss. He died on the 23d of November, within the walls of the Capitol—a most fitting place. Bereft of wife and child, he could claim kindred but with the Republic, and, as it were, in her embrace he sank to sleep. Upon him, self-taught, self-trained, but who had attained nearly all the honors his native land could bestow, speaking, however unworthily, for the district in which he lived, and for the university which is its pride and boast, I can freely bestow that meed of praise

which the greatest of Roman orators was constrained to render to the foremost of Roman soldiers, "*Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, literatura, cogitatio, diligentia.*"

And speaking for no single district, nor yet for any single country, but in the name of our common humanity, I can, with the common consent, place a still higher tribute, which Roman orator and Roman soldier knew not of, the crown of that Christian charity which "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly," which "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth," charity which "never faileth," upon the tomb of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts.

Address by Mr. Harris, of Massachusetts.

I rise to second the resolutions in honor of HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States, which have just been presented to this House by my friend and colleague from Massachusetts, and in a few words to urge their adoption.

Standing here, Mr. Speaker, in the presence of so many distinguished gentlemen who had the privilege of familiar social, private, and public intercourse with Mr. WILSON, who learned his ambition, his aspiration, and his hopes, who saw him in his daily walks and heard his conversation, I know how feeble will be the tribute which I must pay to him. Nevertheless, I bring my humble offering to his grave.

He was, as has been already said, a man of the people. He rose from the humble walks of life by great energy, by great intelligence, to the highest position in the country save one. He died in the possession and enjoyment of the second honor of the Republic.

Mr. WILSON understood the people. The people understood him. He seemed to understand the voice of the people and their judgment before it was uttered. He

stood for many years as if with his hand upon the popular pulse. He felt every heart-beat of the people and announced their coming judgment.

Mr. WILSON was a man of whom I think it may be said that he was unsurpassed in private virtue. As a citizen for the purity of his private life, as a politician for the purity of his purposes, he had no superior. However men may differ from him in the views which he entertained, however bitter at times may have been the contests in which he engaged, I think to-day there are no persons within the sound of my voice who will say they do not believe that he was sincere and honest in every public and private act.

No man can speak of HENRY WILSON without making reference to the relations which he occupied to party and to the Republic. To speak of him otherwise than as an advocate of liberty and as an adversary and opponent of human slavery would be to do injustice to his memory. He commenced early in his political career as an advocate of the slave. At first he only sought to prevent the extension of human slavery. At last, when war burst upon the country, he became the determined advocate of the abolition of that institution. I would not refer to any act of his which might call back one bitter thought to any gentleman upon this floor, but he believed that the Constitution of his country was a free Constitution, and, with Washington and Jefferson, that the institution of slavery was contrary to the genius of the Republic. And for

many years he battled faithfully, as he believed, in the cause of the human race.

He saw, Mr. Speaker, nothing in the Constitution which needed amendment, and could his voice have been heard —could those gentlemen in the South who to-day are willing to pay tribute to the memory of HENRY WILSON— could they have heard his voice when he urged gradual emancipation; could they have believed him then; could they have found in him then, as they do now, the faithful and honest man—the change which had been decreed by the Almighty power would have come without shock or disaster, but with benefaction alike to master and slave.

Mr. WILSON, as a politician, pressed his views upon the public with persistency and zeal, but I do not think he could properly be called a belligerent man. He did not so much undertake to convince and convert his enemies as to concentrate and combine his friends and sympathizers into one grand power, with which to execute his purposes. He, therefore, had few personal controversies in his life, few personal encounters. I think I may say he had as few personal enemies as any public man of his time. Indeed, I doubt whether he can be said to have had any personal enemies.

When war burst upon the country, Mr. WILSON left nothing undone or unattempted which he believed would lead up to the triumph of the Government and the armies of the country. He was not a trifler in war or peace, and when war did come, it was with him war to

the knife. But when the war was over, he was kind, forgiving, and affectionate. To the poor victims of war his heart overflowed with pity; with the tenderness of a woman he wept as he staunched the wounds and assuaged the woes of war.

After the close of that sad period he proved to the people of the North and South that he had no hostility to the men whom he believed the institution of slavery had cursed. For them he had nothing but kindness and affection. He welcomed them back, asking only, when they returned to live with him under a redeemed and purified Constitution, that they would come with a sincere determination honestly and zealously to work with him for the glory of the country.

Mr. WILSON died in the Capitol of his country; a most fitting place. He died after probably having accomplished all that was left to him to accomplish. He died; and I think he receives to-day the fittest eulogy from the people of the country, the people of his own class, the humble—for Mr. WILSON never forgot that he was from the poor, that his origin was among the poor and the humble—and the proudest eulogy which goes up is that incense which rises from the hearts of the humble and the poor.

Now, Mr. Speaker, lest I shall trespass too long upon the House, I hasten to conclude. I have spoken of HENRY WILSON only as a national man. Massachusetts to-day mourns HENRY WILSON, and Massachusetts, Mr. Speaker, has cause for sorrow. John A. Andrew, Charles Sumner,

and now HENRY WILSON; HENRY WILSON the last of the grand trio. HENRY WILSON had the confidence of the people of Massachusetts. He had their love, and they bore him upon their arms into the office of the Vice-President of the United States. He was their representative, and spoke their voice; and as they gather his remains to their final resting-place they treasure his memory, and they will transmit his fair example to their sons, and point to it as worthy of imitation and emulation for the humble and the poor, and for their inspiration.

Mr. Speaker, John A. Andrew, at the opening of the war, during the struggle, and at its close, was the governor of that State. Charles Sumner and HENRY WILSON spoke her voice in the Senate of the United States. And I think, sir, it is no arrogance to say that the utterance of those three of her noble sons, now all departed, the utterance of those three was the true utterance of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the nation, and of the age in which they lived. Charles Sumner passed away at the most fitting and proper period, perhaps, for his death. He had arrived at the highest honors. He had accomplished all there was for him to do and he passed away; but Mr. Speaker, not until he lifted his voice to welcome back to the protection of the Constitution and into the fold of the Republic every man who had left it during the war of the rebellion. John A. Andrew before his death announced with his ringing voice his desire that every person in the Republic should come back again and enjoy the privileges

and the franchises of the Republic; and HENRY WILSON before his death had shown to all the people that his voice was for reconciliation, for peace, for amnesty.

Mr. Speaker, now as Massachusetts gathers to her bosom the remains of her chosen son, what is the message, what is the voice that she utters in the ears of the nation? It is not the voice of hate, it is not the voice of hostility, it is not that: it is the voice of love, fraternal feeling, and concord. May she not say, "These were the men who spoke my voice; you have heard it, and after all was it not a voice in favor of 'peace on earth and good-will to men?'"

Address by Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker, with whatever warmth of maternal affection Abigail Colbath welcomed the boy who was born to her in Farmington, N. H., on the 16th of February, 1812, there was naturally a feeling throughout the family that he was not a welcome guest. The event doubtless evoked the sympathy of friends and neighbors, for they knew that the chilling shadow of poverty darkened the household; that want was to sit by the cradle of the little one, and that it was probable he would at times ask for bread when the mother would have none to give. Could, however, Abigail and Winthrop Colbath have penetrated the secrets of the future, they would have been exalted with joy and a novel consciousness of pride. They would have seen that, though poverty was to attend his infancy and poorly-requited labor be his lot in youth and early manhood, their child was destined to be a positive and beneficent force during one of the great epochs in his country's history, and that, after a life closed in the "sere and yellow leaf," his remains would be borne from the Capitol of his country by a grateful and sorrowing people to the State he had so long served and which in

recognition of his services had honored him as it had few of its citizens.

I have heard men say that HENRY WILSON was not a great man. This may be true; but, if it be, it proves that a good spirit is a more potent social agent than great parts. HENRY WILSON, by his fidelity to conviction, by his freedom from selfish ambitions, by his powers as an organizer, his capacity to combine for common objects those who, differing widely on incidental points, agreed only on the leading purpose of the day, and by his almost ceaseless and seemingly unwearying labor, exercised during the last quarter of a century an influence as powerful and wide-spread as any among the most gifted of his fellow-citizens.

I remember his advent to the politics of Massachusetts as the Natick cobbler, in 1840, shortly before which date I had ceased to be a working jeweler in Boston, whither I had gone in the winter of 1834–'35, in pursuit of employment, which the severity of a financial crisis denied me in my native city. The earnestness of the man, the simplicity and directness of his character, his knowledge of facts, his clearness of statement, and the language in which he clothed thought and fact gave promise of a potential future, and his position in the politics of Massachusetts was at once assured. Mr. WILSON and I were then members of opposing parties; he was a whig, I a democrat. Having returned to my home and engaged in other pursuits than those for which the labors of my youth had

fitted me, I had not observed his progress in connection with public affairs, and he next came specially under my notice in 1852, when he had been a delegate to the national convention of the free-soil party, held at Pittsburgh in 1852, and been called to preside over that body, and also made chairman of the national committee of that party. From Pittsburgh he came to Philadelphia. I met him soon after his arrival, and the interest we each felt in preventing the extension to the Territories of a system of unpaid labor and to the creation of more slave States had removed the political differences that had divided us twelve years before. From that time we were to be co-workers and friends, and our meetings were frequent, for thenceforward it seemed impossible to conduct a campaign in Pennsylvania without the aid of HENRY WILSON'S prudent counsels and popular appeals. As a public speaker he was welcomed to every part of our State, and I do not exaggerate when I say that he addressed more people in Pennsylvania than any other man who never resided within her limits. In parts of the State he was loved as he was by the reformatory and progressive people of Massachusetts. His name never failed to attract a large audience or his addresses to inspire with courage and the purpose of determined and effective labor those who heard him.

We shall hear his voice no more on our mountain sides and in our beautiful valleys, but he has not ceased to be an influence for good among us. The good men do lives

after them. The story of Henry Wilson's youth, if fitly written, will be clothed in pure monosyllabic Saxon, that untaught children may understand its full import. Nor do the incidents of his maturer life need rhetorical setting. They speak for themselves with such force and directness that his biographer who shall attempt by literary effort to add to their force will mar the influence of his example. To produce its just effect the statement of the means by which he rose, step by step, from the shoemaker's seat to the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the position of next to the senior member of the Senate of the United States, and subsequently to the Vice-Presidency, should be made in his own simple and direct style. His example of frugality and abstinence from the use of all hurtful stimulants, his habit of personal economy, his indifference to worldly wealth, his sympathetic generosity to the poor and afflicted, his unceasing labors, and the honors that attended them, are inspiring examples to every gifted child of poverty. Invaluable as the story of Henry Wilson's life is to us of the North, now that the terrible apprehension of servile revolt and of arbitrarily enforced social equality between the races, which filled many minds after war had emancipated the slaves, that hung like threatening clouds over Southern society, has vanished, it is far more valuable to the South, among whose people are so many who will be benefited by learning how a poor and almost friendless boy can find pleasure in books, and by their friendly assistance mount from helpless obscurity to personal power

and possible distinction. But not to the humble alone does the life of Henry Wilson speak, for, properly considered, its great lesson is to those whose lot in life is happier, whose privilege it is to legislate for and govern others. In his career they will find proof that energies, which neglected or trained in vicious ways would be dangerous to society, if turned toward self-culture and directed to noble purposes, will add not only to the power but to the glory of the state.

Address by Mr. Knott, of Kentucky.

Mr. Speaker, it is no part of my purpose to pronounce a studied panegyric upon either the genius or the public services of the distinguished man to the memory of whose virtues we would pay a becoming tribute of respect, and the recollection of whose frailties, if any he had, we would bury with his moldering dust forever beyond our view. I seek, sir, to add but a single leaf to the garland we would hang upon his tomb. I rise simply to express the unfeigned and heartfelt admiration of my people as well as my own high appreciation of that genuine manliness and true nobility of soul exhibited by the illustrious deceased in one of the most unostentatious yet to my mind one of the most singularly beautiful and touching acts of his whole life.

But a short time previous to his death Mr. Wilson had occasion to visit the metropolis of my native State, where he was welcomed with that cordial, open-handed, warm-hearted hospitality which I am proud to say has always characterized its generous people. All classes, irrespective of political prejudices and party affiliations, vied with each other in extending to him the evidences of that high con-

sideration due to one of the most distinguished citizens of the country, and especially to the high position he occupied as Vice-President of the United States. No attention which could possibly render his stay agreeable was omitted by those into whose midst he had come. And no one was better able to appreciate their courtesy than their illustrious visitor. But while he was in the full enjoyment of those amenities which were so genial to his own warm and generous nature, cheered on every hand by friendly greetings, welcomed, honored, and entertained in circles of the highest refinement and culture, where all was joy and happiness and peace, a far different scene was presented in an unpretending Kentucky home a little over a hundred miles away. There, around the hearth-stone of one whom he had known in former years as an able and determined political opponent, one from whom he had been long separated by the fierce conflict of party strife and the still fiercer clash of war, were gathered the wan specter of anxiety and anguish and sorrow; for there the proud form which had challenged the admiration of thousands in the forum, upon the rostrum, in the Senate, and amid the crash of battle, stricken and prostrate by disease, was wasting rapidly away. There one of the grandest spirits that ever illustrated the dignity and majesty of our race was pluming its pinions for its final flight to brighter climes. Breckinridge the proscribed—the exile in his own native land—the alien in the midst of his own people, who loved him as a brother, lay dying. When the sad intelli-

gence was communicated to the great man whose memory we mourn to-day, he threw aside all the fascinations of the most refined and elegant hospitality, and with his great heart full of friendship and fraternal feeling hastened to the bedside of the dying statesman, who in the calm dignity of his own majestic soul had borne for years the ban of proscription, there to tender his sympathy and testify his warm personal regard for one whom he had formerly recognized as the exponent and champion of principles which he himself had made it the great mission of his life to oppose in every legitimate manner and with all the earnestness and fervor of his own zealous and determined nature. Ah, Mr. Speaker, what a scene was that! The Vice-President of a proud and powerful people, with every feature of his benevolent face beaming with the kindest sentiments of friendship and brotherly love, as he held the emaciated hand of the dying hero in his own warm and cordial grasp! What an example to the emulation of the genuine American everywhere; what a total absence of every trace of that bitter, unforgiving, relentless, remorseless hate that clings alone to the ignoble soul! What a sublime spectacle of that exalted magnanimity which always belongs to a noble nature!

Mr. Speaker, that simple act of manly courtesy secured for our dead Vice-President a warm place in the heart of every true Kentuckian. From that hour there was a total oblivion of everything like prejudice that they may have entertained against him. From that hour there was not a

household in my native State in which HENRY WILSON would not have been hailed as a welcome and an honored guest. For, sir, that simple, touching, unostentatious incident proved him to be a generous, warm-hearted, high-souled, noble man, and an honor to the proud old commonwealth that gave him birth. And, sir, when the lightning-winged messenger whispered over this land the melancholy tidings of his peculiar, mournful death, it nowhere touched a more responsive chord, nor will its memory be anywhere more tenderly enshrined, than in the grateful hearts of Kentucky.

Address by Mr. Clymer, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker, during my brief service in this body the commonwealth of Massachusetts has been chief mourner among the States. Her great Senator, Charles Sumner, was first summoned to his account, and then in quick succession Alvah Crocker, Samuel Hooper, and James Buffinton, members of this House during the last Congress, each honored and distinguished and all beloved by those who knew them, entered the dread portal! Now again she is sorely stricken. One who had long and faithfully served her in her own councils and in those of the nation, one whom she had given to the Republic to occupy the position next highest in dignity and power, has passed away, and her sister commonwealths may not fail to assure her of their common sympathy in this hour of her new and sad bereavement.

It is my regret that the voice of Pennsylvania is not heard through one who knew him more intimately than myself, and if I fail to justly record his personal virtues or to place a proper estimate on his public services, I pray it

may be attributed to the absence of those intimate personal relations which alone enable us to thoroughly appreciate and understand the motives and actions of men.

Born in obscurity and reared in poverty, he early exhibited that indomitable and unceasing energy which so strongly marked his subsequent career. Amid the drudgery of his life, when bound apprentice to a farmer and when learning the trade of a shoemaker, he was assiduous in his efforts to acquire knowledge, and of him it may be truly said that he was "a self-made man," for all his early scholastic training was acquired by his own unaided exertions, under the most difficult and often the most disheartening circumstances.

His thirst for knowledge was intense, and his mind was too vigorous and acute to be blind to the fact that mere untutored and uncultured genius is of little avail when brought into contact with trained and disciplined intellect. The friendless condition of his boyhood, the grave and pressing necessities of his early manhood, his constant struggle with poverty, his unyielding determination to rise above the condition in which he was born, all tended to develop in him a sturdy independence of thought and action which was clearly exhibited at the very threshold of his public life. Sprung from the soil, knowing well its hard condition, allied by his antecedents with the sons of toil, never failing to recognize their rights, and ever ready to defend their wrongs, he did not hesitate in their interests to break political alliances, then all-alluring and most

powerful, to assert the individuality of his convictions and the sincerity of his motives. Added to this independence of thought and action, he had that which is so necessary to great achievements, implicit faith in himself and in the soundness of his own judgment, giving directness, force, and simplicity to his character.

In him there was, too, a large-hearted charity, a deep human sympathy born of his early adversity, which impelled him during his whole life to befriend the poor and lowly, to lift up and succor the weak, to cheer and encourage the struggling, and to defend and protect the friendless and oppressed. And, sir, as I look back upon the clouds and darkness from which we have emerged, and consider what sacrifices he made, what obloquy he endured, what labor he performed in order that this charity, this human sympathy, might find expression, I may not fail to avow my profound admiration for his sincerity, retaining, nevertheless, my own convictions as to the justice and propriety of the means by which he sought to accomplish results.

It was this same catholic spirit which caused him, when the civil war was ended, to devote all his energies to healing its wounds, to drying up its tears, and to rebuilding its places made waste and desolate. In him there was no bitterness; his heart concealed no vengeance; "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," was his childlike, Christian faith, and in the last public act of his long career he placed it on record for all coming time; since it was

at his suggestion and by his desire and advice that the State convention of his party in Massachusetts, held at Worcester on the 29th day of September, 1875, over which he presided, adopted the following resolution:

That the republicans of Massachusetts welcome all auguries and evidences that the Centennial of American Independence will be celebrated by the complete restoration of fraternity, and they express the opinion that the time has come for the removal of all remaining political disabilities.

Had he lived to-day we may believe that the spirit of this resolution would have received unanimous indorsement here as it did during the last Congress. That it has not is not the fault of him, being dead, nor of the people of the great commonwealth who so loved and honored him.

To others I cheerfully leave the task of recounting with particularity his labors in the Senate during his long and eventful service. It is enough for me to say that, being of robust mental and physical nature, he was capable of great labor; that he was a worker in its true and best sense, and that during the war his name is connected either as author or advocate with nearly or quite all the military legislation of the period. His presence and official service were given to every public duty unselfishly and freely.

As a humanitarian he was abreast of, if not in advance of, public sentiment on every moral question, and he never shrank from the public advocacy of his views, whatever might be the effect on his political fortunes.

In contemplating his public life, the impulse is irresist-

ible to contrast it with that of Charles Sumner, his colleague during the eighteen years of his senatorial career. To him he was most unlike, and yet he was no less useful. The one the patrician, educated in the groves of the academy; the other the plebeian, who, groping amid toil and penury, sought knowledge and found it by his own unaided efforts. Sumner was a man of books; WILSON, of men; Sumner, of ideas; WILSON, of deeds; Sumner, of theories; WILSON, of action; Sumner lived and moved in the unreal world of thought; WILSON moved and acted among men. Each had strong convictions. Sumner sought and would have his in paths chosen by himself; WILSON would accept results offered him by fortune or won in modes he did not prefer. As statesmen, Sumner acted in profound indifference, if not contempt, of the actual forces which existed, looking confidently to the end some time to come; WILSON labored in the light of and molded the influences which surrounded him, subordinating all minor matters to the object he desired to accomplish. As a result, Sumner theorized much, and left as memorials many splendid phrases; WILSON spoke much and identified himself with all the distinguished measures of his speech. Widely different in origin, tastes, thought, and action, these two men supplemented and complemented each other in a way so rare and yet so admirable that the great commonwealth which ever honored herself by honoring them may fail to find in long years to come two men who shall so truly reflect all of her that is good

and true, manly and generous, learned and refined. No shadow fell upon their friendship in life, and they will go into history so linked together by the unity of their service and so bound together by the very dissimilarity of their training and action that the one may never be mentioned without recalling the honored name of the other.

In seeking for the cause which so strongly bound these two men together in spite of the obvious dissimilarity which existed, it may be found in that absolute and perfect personal integrity which so clearly marked the conduct of each. And if the late Vice-President had no other claim to the respect and admiration of the age in which he lived, it would shed a halo of glory around his name in all time to come to have it said of him with truth that, having served State and nation for more than a quarter of a century, he died poor. The statement of the fact is its own commentary. Amid the license of civil war; with public conscience blunted; when cupidity was excited by opportunity; when unmeasured wealth might have been and often was wrung from the very necessities of a stricken land without challenge and without reproof, he, leading a life of almost Spartan simplicity, stainless and pure, died, as he had lived, an honest man.

There was, sir, something very touching and sad in the manner of his death. It did not come to him unheralded. Long before the final stroke the warning messenger was by his side, and for months it followed him silently as a shadow, relentlessly as fate! Ever afterward he went

about the land deeply solicitous for the common welfare, bearing messages of fraternal love, of peace, of good-will to all of every section. Walking daily in the very presence of death, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness found no home in his breast; and as he ever prayed for mercy and forgiveness, so, too, would he have extended these rich blessings to every one everywhere.

Weeks before the meeting of Congress in December, he came here in restless anxiety to complete the work which is to be the record of his life and times. And here, in his chamber of state, in high serenity, sustained by his faith and willing to be judged by his motives and works, he received the final summons, and, gathering his robes about him, he fell asleep under the shadow of the Dome of the Capitol. It was a fitting place for him to die. Wifeless, childless—the light had gone out from his own house; all was dreary darkness there—and coming to this the home of the nation he entered it as of right by virtue of his great office, and from its portal passed away forever, to find his last home in the bosom of the State he had loved and served so well, deplored and respected by the people.

Full of years and laden with honors, the most extravagant political dreams of his youth and manhood more than verified; with but one possible ambition unsatisfied—who may say he was not fortunate in his death?

Address by Mr. Kasson, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker, the representative men of a great historical era are passing rapidly from this sphere of their duties. One by one, while the country proudly recognizes in them the souvenirs of its latest glory, they sink beneath that tide which overflows all mortal distinction. Lincoln, Winter Davis, and Chase, Fessenden, Grimes, and Sumner, leaders in the forefront of the late gigantic battle between hostile ideas, had already passed from among us before reaching the usual limit of human life. Again unwilling to wait for the ripeness of age, death has summoned another of the historic company to join his old associates in the land beyond the sun. Heaven seems to have grown avaricious, to seize so soon, and in the very vigor of his years, another living star from the visible coronet of the Republic. We complain that the divine sickle could not wait for all this human harvest until the whitened and bending heads should incline with the weight of years toward the earth which was destined to receive them.

When Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, received his summons, his form was still round and erect, his eyes beaming with sympathetic intelligence, his hearing open to every sound, his complexion fresh; his

voice retained its earnest tones, his mind its vigor, and his heart its patriotism. The ears of his countrymen in all parts of the Union were still listening to his counsel, while their understandings were informed by his practical wisdom. We justly pronounce his departure from public life a national loss. It is the occasion of grief to kindred, to neighbors, to friends, to associates, and to patriots. Kindred and neighbors about his humble home on that eastern coast of Massachusetts to which his dust was committed, remember and celebrate his kindly private virtues and affections. There remains to us who have been his comrades in stormy times the recollection and celebration of those loftier public qualities, which bore him from such lowly beginnings to his exalted office, and which won for him the large influence which he wielded at the time of his death.

Sir, the two extreme forms of human government, despotism and democracy, touch each other at various points in spirit and in action. Both are willful, full of force, and delight in surprises, alternating in action between selfishness and generosity. Despotism sometimes surrounds itself with the splendors of high birth and the culture of learning and the refinements of the arts and civilization; and again, indulges itself with the overthrow of all inherited rights and all claims of distinction, and elevates, instead, some unheralded and unknown servants, some Daniel or Joseph, from the humblest ranks to the governing places of the state.

So the limited democracy of America has indulged its will at one time in elevating the well-bred dignity and worth of Washington and of Adams, the polished culture of Jefferson, and the well-trained logic of Madison. Again, it has taken the ruder strength of Jackson, and the soldierly simplicity of Taylor. Later still, with an awakened conscience, it chose a great-hearted, undisciplined child of the people, and sent Lincoln suddenly to the ruling place. Democracy in him manifested a grandeur of character which was much sooner comprehended by the earnest hearts of the common people, at home and abroad, than by the more cultivated intellects of the world, who have since hastened to crown his unclassic brow with the laurel of history. It was in this era, when our republican democracy was listening to its new-found conscience, that it nurtured, watched, and developed another of its unheralded children, amid the trials of poverty and the struggles for even an incomplete education.

I trust, Mr. Speaker, that it is not too early to claim for the late Vice-President the impartial and unimpassioned judgment of the citizens of all parts of the restored Union. In the decade which has elapsed since the fires of civil war were extinguished, the inflamed minds of men have also become more cool and dispassionate. Certainly a thoroughly restored balance of judgment cannot be regained suddenly, on the morrow of such a conflict. When we remember how many years the passions were growing, how at last they ripened into blood, how many sacrifices

were endured on both sides before the fever departed and the wounded nation rose to its feet once more, we find cause for congratulation that the balance is so far redressed as we find it to-day. For thirty years it was a contest of opposing ideas respecting the proper constitutional organization of American society. These ideas were the invisible combatants, which finally incarnated themselves for fight and waged their warfare till the earth trembled under their clashing. In the intellectual struggle Mr. WILSON early engaged, and on the side of that small minority which seemed at the time to be a mere faction, hopeless of the confidence of even a single State. When that faction grew into a party, and the party increased to a majority, and the majority obtained control of the State, then, in 1855, the liberty-loving artisan replaced in the United States Senate that polished scholar and orator whom Massachusetts found unequal to the demand of the coming crisis. In that body, and in its high debates, he was to be compared or contrasted, by friend and foe, with such distinguished associates as Cass and Seward, Chase and Douglas, Sumner and Mason, Crittenden and Slidell, with whom he was to discuss the most vital questions of the Union.

When Mr. WILSON left the plow for the bench of the artisan, and abandoned that bench for the forum of public debate, he had small store of learning, but a great sympathy for all his brethren—the children of labor. The field of his knowledge did not include the courses of the planets, the discoveries of science, the rules of art, nor

the philosophy of antiquity, nor even the history of older nations. But his mind, with remarkable vigor, grasped and comprehended the wants of his race on this continent. His knowledge of American needs was at first more the result of a sympathetic experience than of careful study. He never separated himself, nor sought to separate himself, from the ground of his early experiences. That ground was hard fact. Throughout his career he dealt with facts. The genius of his childhood endowed him with no gifts of imagination or of artistic invention, and the wings of culture were wanting to his fancy. He could neither soar to the zenith, nor descend to the nadir; but always moved along the line of the visible horizon. There was no fever in his speech. Its most vigorous pulsations manifested only the glow of great earnestness. Without soaring, the movement of his eloquence was a strong stride, every footfall of which struck the solid ground and gave vigor to the next step. His whole political landscape was marked by solid metes and bounds. In the realm of American facts he was king, and in this realm he was rarely, if ever, worsted in debate. Untrained in the law, he was not much given to theories of constitutional construction, but was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that charter of American liberty. Wherever there might seem to be a conflict of its provisions, its grand guarantees of the rights of persons were vastly more important, in his judgment, than its guarantees of the rights of property. He interpreted it always

as illuminated by the diviner light of the Declaration of Independence.

If ever his rhetoric touched the borders of enthusiasm, if ever he seemed to have drank at some spring of oratorical inspiration, it was when he asserted the right of labor to freedom, and the right of freemen to labor without degradation. Then, filled with reminiscences of his own early struggles, and expanding them to take in the trials of millions like himself, and remembering those aspirations which gilded the dark clouds of his laborious youth, he kindled a flame in the hearts of his toiling countrymen which was not destined to die. It was the harp of universal humanity whose cords he struck; and such music once heard is never forgotten. It sounds and resounds from one home and hamlet of the toiling millions to another, and its echoes will never cease till the divine edict for the earning of bread shall be revoked.

Hear him for a moment in the Senate Chamber, in those tempestuous times when labor was clamoring to be released from the degrading thralldom of personal slavery. A Senator from South Carolina had just called the manual laborers of the North "hirelings," "essentially slaves," "galled by their degradation," and the "mud-sills" of society. Henry Wilson, impatient and glowing, takes up the word as if all the hills of New England were ready to burst with resenting speech. He said:

* * * * * * *

This language of scorn and contempt is addressed to Senators, who were not nursed by a slave; whose lot it was to toil with their

own hands; to eat bread earned, not by the sweat of another's brow but by their own. Sir, I am the son of a hireling manual laborer, who, with the frosts of seventy winters on his brow, lives by daily labor. I, too, have been a hireling manual laborer. Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood; and want was there, an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years, to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt specter from the hearth of the mother who bore me, I left the home of my boyhood and went to earn my bread by daily labor. Many a weary mile have I traveled—

"To beg a brother of the earth
To give me leave to toil."

Sir, I have toiled as a "hiring laborer" in the field and the workshop, and I tell the Senator from South Carolina that I never "felt galled by" my "degradation." No, sir; never. * * * I was conscious of my manhood. I was the peer of my employer. * * * I knew, too, that the world was before me; that its wealth, its garnered treasures of knowledge, its honors, the coveted prizes of life, were within the grasp of a brave heart and a tireless hand; and I accepted the responsibilities of my position, all unconscious that I was a "slave." * * * In every position of private and public life are our associates who were but yesterday "hireling laborers," "mud-sills," "slaves." In every department of human effort are noble men who sprang from our ranks—men whose good deeds will be felt and will live in the grateful memories of men when the stones reared by the hands of affection to their honored names shall crumble into dust. Our eyes glisten and our hearts throb over the bright, glowing, and radiant pages of our history that record the deeds of patriotism of the sons of New England who sprang from our ranks and wore the badges of toil. While the names of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Nathanael Greene, and Paul Revere live on the brightest pages of our history, the mechanics of Massachusetts and New England will never want illustrious examples to incite them to noble aspirations and noble deeds.

So spoke this champion of free labor. The same sentiment expressed by the rhymes of Robert Burns has echoed

over two continents, and still warms the hearts of all the English-speaking races. Sir, had this splendid assertion of indignant manhood come down to us on some venerable parchment which preserved the sayings of Greek or Roman orators, our high-bred youth would echo it in all our schools and universities as belonging to the most vigorous days of ancient civilization. It would have ranked with the protest of St. Paul when he asserted his rights as a Roman citizen, and appealed to Cæsar for their recognition, as WILSON appealed to the Senate and to the Republic. No prouder, manlier utterance was ever heard on the floor of the Senate or from a tribune of the people. It presents the inner life, better than any words of my invention, of him whose funeral-rites we celebrate.

Of all the speeches of this eminent man of the people known to me, this, from which I borrow an extract, in reply to the challenge, imported from the drawing-room into the politics of that day, and flung into the face of free labor, is the most characteristic, as it was, perhaps, the most effective. Its wide circulation in our valley of the Mississippi roused strong emotion in the breast and nerved the arm of toil. It was in 1858 that the worth of free labor was thus vindicated in the preliminary war of the conflicting ideas of our social organization. Two years later free white labor vindicated its own dignity by electing one of its own children to the first place of national honor, and again a few years later, having destroyed the adverse system, it elevated another of its family, its cham-

pion and the author of this speech, to the second place of national dignity.

Mr. Speaker, often in reading the history of nations we are surprised and awed by some striking evidence of Divine intervention in the adjustment of human affairs. The wealthy, the wise, the mighty, overtaken by some improbable event, disappear from the stage, and their places are filled by those who had been the scorned or oppressed victims of their power; and the result was not foreseen of human contrivance. But in no country, except in France, have the events of any quarter of a century of modern history been more surprising and dramatic than in ours. That political philosophy and thorough-bred intellect which prevailed here and rendered the chambers of this Capitol illustrious thirty years ago have passed from this theater with much of the wisdom of that epoch which made them illustrious. Political theorists and theories, *doctrinaires* and their doctrines, though crystallized in solemn resolutions, dedicated to the names of powerful states, and drawn by mighty political logicians, have gone down before an enemy which never sleeps and always advances. The rights of humanity, the ideas of its progress, have gradually conquered or swept away all obstructions in the way of its organized march, and we have begun a new era which demands extraordinary foresight and vigilant care. It is a halt in the march of our destiny, while the new order is established. We are in the double peril of reaction and of rash action.

The counsel of the man we mourn to-day would have been beyond price during this halting decade of American politics and society. He was one of the few living links between the public life of twenty years ago and that of the passing day. His mental comprehension of the country, both of its interests and of its sentiments; his unimpassioned judgment; his conciliatory regard for all citizens of the restored Republic; his greater love of peace than of violence; his sincere patriotism—all these were qualities which gave him a rare endowment of utility for our times. As I review his career, so early and so constantly and so admirably devoted to liberty and to the state, it seems that he must have been gifted at birth with the sentiment which Pericles uttered in his oration at the celebration of the funeral rites in Athens. Said the Greek orator to the Athenians, "You must constantly keep before your eyes the powers of the state, and must love them. Look for happiness in liberty, and for liberty in your own courage."

Mr. Speaker, if the Congress of the United States were to direct an inscription upon marble to portray in the fewest and fittest words the essential sentiment of HENRY WILSON's career, they would borrow it from Pericles, and would cut deep in the hard rock the words: "He constantly kept before his eyes the powers of the state, and he loved them. He sought for happiness in liberty, and for liberty in his own courage."

Address by Mr. Lynch, of Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker, not long since the sad intelligence was flashed from one end of the country to the other that HENRY WILSON, late Vice-President of the United States, was dead. This sad news carried a pang of sorrow and grief to the heart of every lover of his country and to every friend of liberty and justice. I shall not attempt to do justice to the memory of this great and good man. I shall refer more especially to his achievements as a public man—as a representative man.

Mr. WILSON was known and recognized throughout the civilized world as a man of acknowledged ability and admitted capacity. The period in which he lived was one that enabled him to make for himself a record that is in every respect worthy of emulation. He was a man of broad, liberal, and conservative views upon public questions. As was said of Henry Clay, it can also be said of HENRY WILSON:

> His sympathies embraced all; the African slave, the creole of Spanish America, the children of renovated classic Greece—all families of men, without respect to color or clime—found in his expanded bosom and comprehensive intellect a friend of their elevation and amelioration. Such ambition as that is God's implantation in the human heart for raising the downtrodden nations of the earth, and fitting them for regenerated existence in politics, in morals, and religion.

In the person of HENRY WILSON the poor have lost a true and consistent friend, the oppressed an able advocate, and the country a faithful public servant. He dedicated his entire life to the cause of liberty, justice, and equal rights. He regarded the institution of slavery as a foul blot upon our system of government, our civilization, and our Christianity. Recognizing the fact, as he did, that the tree of liberty had been planted upon American soil and watered with the precious blood of thousands of patriotic advocates of freedom, that we could not consistently tolerate and sustain an institution that was more aggravating and disgraceful than that of which the founders of our Government complained, and against which they were justified in rebelling, he did not entertain any feeling of ill-will toward those who did not agree with him in his views, nor toward those who were personally interested in perpetuating the existence of that institution which he regarded as a national disgrace, and to the destruction and abolition of which he devoted a long, useful, and successful life. But he was actuated by higher, nobler, and purer motives. He regarded the toleration of an institution which recognized the right of property in man as not only destructive of our system of government, subversive of true democracy, and as having a tendency to demoralize society, disturb the labor of the country, corrupt the morals of the masses, and retard the progress, happiness, and material prosperity of the people, but he also regarded it as contrary to the laws of Deity

and at war with true Christian civilization. Throughout his useful and eventful life he never failed to raise his voice, to use his pen, and to cast his vote in the defense of those principles which he so consistently and persistently advocated. For his labors in the cause of humanity and justice the name of HENRY WILSON will be gratefully remembered by generations yet unborn.

During the memorable contest of 1856, over the admission of Kansas as a State in the Union, with the friends of freedom upon one side and the advocates of slavery upon the other, HENRY WILSON was one of the few members of the United States Senate at that time who took a bold, independent, outspoken position in favor of freedom for the slave. He did not oppose slavery simply from a stand-point of political expediency, but because he believed it to be morally and religiously wrong, as will appear from the following quotation from one of his great speeches that was delivered when the Kansas question was before the Senate:

> This question of slavery in America is the grand central idea of the country and of this age. If Senators imagine that anything that can be done in this or the other House of Congress, at this session or at any session, is to make peace in this country between the great contending powers of freedom upon the one side and slavery upon the other, they are greatly mistaken; they do not comprehend the vastness and extent of the issues.
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> When we adopted the Constitution of the United States we were not responsible for slavery anywhere. If I had time, I could pass on from 1789 up to this time and show you act after act, under almost every administration, in which you have connected us with and

made us responsible for slavery. This legislation has been in violation of the policy adopted by the framers of the Constitution and the men who inaugurated this Government. Go back and undo this; disconnect us from slavery; put no responsibility on us; and then our consciences and our judgments will be clear. If slavery is wrong, as I believe it to be—and I believe it to be a crime against man and a sin toward God, and I believe that to be the sentiment of the free States—it is not our crime, it is not our sin.

Henry Wilson was an ardent and devoted lover of his country. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs during the late war, he displayed such remarkable ability as to make his power and influence felt, acknowledged, and respected throughout the country. His advice and counsel were often sought by the Government, and seldom if ever rejected. His admonitions and remonstrances were seldom disregarded but often heeded, and never disrespected. He was justly looked upon by the country as one of the chief pillars of the Government during that important period of our country's history. His able speeches, his patriotic utterances, his statesman-like declarations, had the effect of giving renewed life and vigor to the cause of the Union and of strengthening the Union soldiers upon the field of battle. The Union soldier knew that in the person of Henry Wilson he had a true friend, an able advocate, and a strong defender.

Since the beginning of reconstruction Henry Wilson has occupied a very conspicuous position. He was among the first to advocate the adoption of a broad, liberal, and comprehensive system of reconstruction. I well remember his pathetic appeals to the old-line whigs of Virginia,

shortly after the adoption of the congressional plan of reconstruction, to join with the newly enfranchised element of the grand old Commonwealth in rehabilitating their State government upon a firm, lasting, and solid foundation. He appealed to them to lay aside their passions and prejudices of race, the existence of which is known and generally admitted to be the result of the toleration of slavery and not from natural causes, and join in with this new element that had been incorporated in the body-politic of the Commonwealth in reconstructing their State government upon a basis that would prevent a repetition of previous mistakes. His advice to the old-line whigs of Virginia was no less applicable to the same element in every one of the States similarly situated. It is doubtless a source of serious regret to thousands of those he addressed that his advice was not accepted by them. They now recognize the fact that his object was to prevent the formation of parties upon the race issue. He could foresee the disastrous results that would follow a bitter political contest between antagonistic elements, whether it be based upon race, religion, or nationality. He could foresee that, if reconstruction was made an accomplished fact upon the basis of antagonism between the two great elements of which southern society is composed, passion and prejudice would take the place of reason and argument, and that the material interests of the people, the development of the resources of the country, and the cultivation of friendly relations between

the sections would be made subordinate to the ambition of unscrupulous politicians. The results that have followed the rejection of Mr. WILSON's advice by those to whom it was given have very clearly demonstrated the wisdom of his position. The serious apprehensions entertained by him as to the disastrous results that would be likely to follow the adoption of any other course have been unfortunately realized to an extent that is almost irreparable. It cannot be denied by those who are at all familiar with southern politics that the present unfortunate condition of affairs in that section of our country is due more to the existence of this antagonism between the two great elements in the South than to the faults and shortcomings of local, temporary, and periodical administrations. I believe there are but few who will not agree with me in asserting that had the views of HENRY WILSON been accepted and generally acquiesced in, the Southern States would be in a prosperous and flourishing condition to-day.

During the last two or three years of Mr. WILSON's life he saw proper to advance a few ideas upon what may be called the southern question, which subjected him to a little unfavorable criticism on the part of a few of those who are identified with the same political organization of which he was a distinguished leader; but they evidently did not understand his purposes nor appreciate his motives. Those who knew HENRY WILSON, who have carefully watched his career since the beginning of reconstruction, could see in his recent utterances upon that subject the

same consistent determination to bring about, if possible, a union of the best elements from the two great masses of which southern society is composed. They could see the same manifestations of an extreme anxiety on his part to bring about harmony and a reciprocity of feeling between the two races in the South, which all must admit is the most effectual if not the only remedy for the evils complained of in southern politics.

HENRY WILSON was a conscientious public man and a true Christian. His character for honesty and integrity could never be questioned. His public career, though long and eventful, was one that was particularly free from everything that was impure, or even suspicious. His example is one that is in every particular worthy of emulation. The only thing that is consoling in the death of this great and good man is the fact that he left behind him a glorious record, and that, having lived the life of a pure and devoted Christian, he was enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Let us hope, Mr. Speaker, that we may live the life that WILSON lived, and die the death he died.

Address by Mr. Hurlbut, of Illinois.

I shall not undertake, Mr. Speaker, to touch the details of the life of HENRY WILSON, to delineate his character, nor to do more than refer to his eminent public service. That will be better done by men who stood nearer to him in his life, more competent to analyze the secret springs of his success and the real value of his work. I prefer to deal rather on this occasion with the general effect which the man himself has produced upon the thoughtful people who knew him only by the broad and general features of character as these framed and molded his public course and career.

There are two names which go straight to the heart of that grand mass of thinkers and workers who constitute the American people. Abraham Lincoln and HENRY WILSON, more than all others of our time, command the sympathy and hold the love of the people of the Union; both children of adversity, both toilers from their infancy, both winning their way by dint of brain-work and the dominion of pure character to the high places of the Republic. Differing in many essential qualities, contrasted in many elements of power, alike in the capacity of

thorough conviction and of unfaltering action in the straight line of such conviction, each colored and pervaded by the peculiar atmosphere of his special surroundings, both fearlessly, intensely, absolutely American, such men could only be reared in one country; such men could only have come to the front in one epoch of that country.

Henry Wilson, by the force of patient labor, of solid will, of fearless belief, of effort to know the right and to do the right, clove asunder the icy barriers which society had placed between the New Hampshire boy and the Massachusetts Senator. He had the heroism to stand by the unpopular if he believed he stood by the true—a heroism nearly as rare now as it was then—and he had the rare satisfaction in his own life-time of seeing the right thing pass from opprobrium and opposition to success and accomplishment.

From his early days he abhorred slavery as deserving curse from God and man, and he struck straight at the heart of the hoary iniquity enthroned on the prejudice of customs and buttressed though it was by unholy alliance of church and state. His clear moral vision was clouded by no cunningly-wrought veil; no device, no subterfuge, no cheat in word or action, could dim the anatomic eye which detected and exposed the loathsome lines that indicated disease and death in the painted harlot who queened it over the fairest portion of the Republic. The strict constructionists of that day, North and South, denounced him. Pilate and Herod struck hands, but the brave heart,

strong from continuous struggle, flinched in no wise from the task self-imposed and self-sustained. He lived to see the dead carcass of the great wrong buried forever out of the sight of men, and the once blackened bosom of the nation pure again from that ancient sin. He lived to do his part as a man should in the physical struggle—the trial of colossal forces that shook our broad territory and made its earth-fast foundations tremble with the step of uncounted hosts. He saw the authority of the Constitution and the supremacy of law vindicated; he saw those who rashly took the sword punished by the sword; he heard the sounding hammer-blows of a hundred battles, as in the white heat of the rebellion they welded the nation into indissoluble unity. He heard the glorious sentiment of his great predecessor, "The Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," pronounced as the grand result of the tremendous conflict, and wrought into the life and conscience of millions of his countrymen as the one primal, controlling fact before which all others were dwarfed into insignificance. Filled himself with the largest view of this intense nationality, he rejoiced that it filled the heart of the nation.

As Senator, as chairman of the Military Committee, he did much valuable work, work which the country hardly appreciates yet; and it stands to his eternal credit that in the exercise of the wide discretion and vast power held by him in that capacity no sordid nor selfish nor sectional preference ever impaired the justice of his action.

He took his part fairly and well in all the legislation which followed the war; nor have I ever heard any man say that in anything done or said by him in all that time there was personal bitterness or desire for revenge.

He was active as a politician, for he believed in the necessity of vigorous and enlightened political action. He made enemies, as all strong men do; but even this time in which we live, prolific in slander and prompt to accuse, never charged HENRY WILSON with dishonest act or impure motive.

Not standing in the rank of our greatest men, measured by intellectual standards, his influence was due more to faith in his personal character, his devotion to right, than to pre-eminent mental stature.

He did the work set before him to do with the same good faith and the same steady energy with which he filled out the coarser tasks of his early manhood, and the people for whom he labored so long and well heartily unite in the plaudits of "good and faithful servant," as they look back upon his long career of public service and feel that it is well with any people when from its institutions and modes of life and thought can spring such a life and such a character as that of HENRY WILSON.

Address by Mr. Reagan, of Texas.

Some days ago it was suggested that I should take a part in the addresses on this occasion. I had then, on account of the pressure of other duties, reluctantly to decline to do so. Until I saw the list to-day of those who were to make addresses I did not know that it was anticipated I should say anything on this occasion, and what I do say shall be limited to stating an incident illustrative of the character and virtues and the charity of the great man whose memory is this day being honored.

My first personal acquaintance with Mr. Wilson was in 1857, and our associations were such as might spring up between two men of different ages and different positions, and differing in politics. At the close of the war I was made, with others, a prisoner, and was taken, with Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, now a member of this House, to Fort Warren. In the fall of the year 1865, when we were released, I immediately returned to the city of New York, and while spending a few days there I met with Mr. Wilson, who was then engaged in canvassing the State of New York. We had a somewhat free conversation about the condition in which the country then was,

and especially about the condition of that section of the country in which I lived. A short time before that, feeling that I comprehended the condition of the country and what would be necessary for the future, not only of the southern portion but of all of it, I had addressed a communication to the people of Texas from my prison, urging them to accept promptly the inevitable results of the war as the shortest and surest way to bring to an end the evils which had sprung from it, advising them not only to recognize the freedom of the slaves, but to secure to them the protection of the law and to concede to them the qualified right of suffrage. This had been published, and had come back and been read by Senator WILSON. It became the subject of conversation. He asked my opinion as to whether the people of Texas and the South would accept the policy indicated in that communication. I had to tell him that I could only express the hope they might do so; that for more than four years I had not been in the State in which I lived or mingled with the people of that State. He then said—and I repeat it now because it is in accordance with what others, his personal friends and acquaintances, say of his character; for I would not if it were different from that speak of what was merely a private conversation—he then said he felt it was a duty I owed to Texas and the South, as well as the rest of the country, to return home and urge the people to adopt the policy which I had suggested. He said to me at the same time that if the people of Texas and of the South generally

would for themselves adopt that policy he would accept it as a final basis of adjustment of the remaining differences between the North and the South, and would urge its adoption in the Senate of the United States, with the exception that he would ask that the cases of one or two hundred of the leading men should stand over, and that in addition to that which I had suggested he would urge, if they saw proper to take that course, that all except this one or two hundred he referred to should be at once relieved from all liability on account of having participated in the war.

In the condition in which I was then placed, with the feelings I then experienced, remembering that I was returning to a desolated country and a conquered people to mingle again with them, looking abroad and seeing the passions which the war had aroused, remembering the earnest, active part which that distinguished Senator had taken on the one side while he knew that I had been as earnestly engaged on the other, I could not but feel that there was something of a grand magnanimity in his conduct, something of kindness and of generosity in his expressions, which met with an earnest and sincere response from me.

I may say one other thing. He then informed me that while Mr. Stephens and myself were in prison at Fort Warren he had come from his home in Massachusetts twice to Washington to secure our release, not on account of any application which had been made to him by us

for that kindness, but because he felt that there was no necessity for retaining us there; for he did not feel any spirit of revenge, and, as was disclosed in the conversation we then had, he felt, as his great colaborer Horace Greeley had felt, that it was not his desire in freeing the slaves of the South to make slaves of those who had been free in the South. He did not wish to see the passions of the war protracted, and urged as a reason why I should endeavor to secure in the portion of the country where I lived the policy I had indicated that the adoption of such a policy was the only thing that could avert military government there, the consequences that would spring from it, and dangers which might result to the Union from having to control large sections of the country by military authority.

Mr. Speaker, words so spoken to one situated as I was it will be understood would make an impression which has gone with me from then till now. After my return home, when my friends in Texas who desired to be relieved at Washington, and who had no acquaintance here, applied to me to see if there was some person here who would take an interest in their behalf, I did not hesitate on more than one occasion to write to Senator WILSON on their behalf, and I never wrote to him without getting a prompt and kindly answer, indicating a desire to do what he could for the interests of our people. Whatever differences in politics may have existed in the past, and however divergent our views may have been on

great questions; however earnestly we may have struggled on opposite sides in the days in which we had opposed each other, expressions like these and kindness like this made me feel that these were the expressions and the kindness of a sincere and just heart, and it makes me feel sincere gratification that I have the privilege of saying so in this presence on this occasion.

I am not qualified by association or information to dwell upon the historic features of his character, nor is it necessary that I should do so if I were, after the eloquent portraitures of his character which have been made upon this floor to-day. I did not rise to make an address. I only rose to speak of these incidents, and to speak of them as having made me feel a sincere respect for him while living, and feeling that his death, occurring when it did, was a misfortune to our common country. A year ago, sir, when Mr. WILSON was making a tour through the Southern States, the people of Texas in large numbers, and with whom I united, urgently invited him to come to Texas to enable us to testify our feeling of respect for his generous and manly conduct toward us in the hour of our calamity and misfortune.

Address by Mr. Joyce, of Vermont.

Mr. Speaker, again a dark shadow covers the Capitol and veils its lofty Dome in gloom. Relentless death has again entered the Senate House, and with remorseless fury struck down the chief.

Henry Wilson is dead. His last work has been performed, his last duty discharged, and he has gone to his reward.

To-day a nation mourns its loss and bows in grief at its bereavement; from Champlain to the Gulf; from Faneuil Hall to the golden shores, the Republic is shrouded in mourning, and its mighty heart ceases for a moment its pulsations while humanity places the chaplet upon the tomb of the philanthropist, the patriot statesman, and the Christian.

O, what a wealth of sorrow; what a majesty of woe!

Among the millions who gather in sorrow around his open grave, to pay the last sad tribute to his memory, come the brave and patriotic people of my own State, and claim a near approach to that sacred spot.

Vermont comes to-day to add one more leaf to the garland that decorates his tomb.

Outside the limits of the noble Commonwealth in which

repose his ashes—a State so rich in historical events, in clustering memories, in great names, and in noble men—there is no spot in the broad universe where he was more loved and respected and where his memory is more honored and revered than in the State I have the honor in part to represent.

His name is as familiar as those of her own sons in every cottage and cabin that nestles among her green hills.

It seemed to me that it would be eminently proper that the descendants of Slade and Harrington, pioneers in the cause of civil liberty, should come to the humble tomb at Natick as near mourners of the illustrious dead.

The doctrine of human freedom and the political equality of all men before the law is as firmly and deeply rooted in the hearts of her people to-day as it was on the morning when Allen was doomed to an immortality of fame and Stark drove the mercenaries of King George, routed and bleeding, from the plains of Bennington.

The whole pathway of history sparkles with the names of illustrious men and the noble deeds of heroes and patriots; but it was reserved to the nineteenth century to furnish the most remarkable body of men that has ever existed in the world's annals.

Garrison, and Sumner, and Hale, and Lovejoy, and Giddings, with whom were associated Slade, and Nicholson, and Fletcher, and Shaffter, and Marsh of my own State, were among the leaders and heroes of the old anti-slavery party—a party which embodied the very essence

and spirit of integrity, perseverance, independence, honest convictions, high and exalted moral courage, and genuine public virtue. With these men HENRY WILSON was early enlisted in the great work of emancipation and enfranchisement, to which he devoted every energy of body and mind during his whole life. He espoused this unpopular cause when it required physical as well as moral courage to do it.

With Collamer and Foot he bore the heat and burdens of the day; with them he bore the vexation and ignominy of a temporary defeat, and with them at last rejoiced in a complete and glorious victory. And the last public act of his life was an eloquent and stirring address to Vermont's survivors of the great conflict, rejoicing with them in its grand results, and imparting words of encouragement and precepts of wisdom by which to shape the present and guide them in the future.

New Hampshire may claim the honor of his birthplace, Massachusetts his home and last resting-place, but his untarnished fame and the history of his noble life cannot be circumscribed by State lines. It is the nation's legacy and the rich heritage of the Republic.

The period of Mr. WILSON's life was in some respects the golden age of our country's history. It was a time which called for men of iron nerve, of settled conscientious convictions, and manly independence.

It was a time which demanded men who were not afraid to do right regardless of the consequences; who were

willing to bear the taunts, sneers, and persecutions of the champions of an accursed institution intrenched behind power, wealth, learning, influence, and religious bigotry.

Such a man was found in HENRY WILSON; a man fortunate in his origin and useful life, and equally fortunate in the time and place of his death.

In early life he was the child of poverty and domestic sorrow; he was cast out upon the cold charities of the world and left upon his own resources; he labored and struggled, buffeting the world's adverse fortunes and storms with a strong arm and an honest heart, strong in his own conscious rectitude; and in God's own good time was ushered at once into the public arena, to combat with intellectual gladiatorial champions scarcely excelled in the world's history.

Manfully he bore himself in the great struggle, battling for the right against wealth, arrogance, and power. Disdaining the codes and dogmas of honor, falsely so called, he planted himself upon the eternal principles of self-defense and personal preservation until victory crowned his efforts and the voice of his country called him to the second position in the nation.

Mr. WILSON'S industry was untiring and knew no bounds. He allowed himself neither recreation nor repose, but, amid all the vast and multiplied labors of his official position, devoted himself with unfaltering courage to the second great work of his life, the gathering up and preserving the facts and fragments relating to the rise and

fall of the slave power in America, in order that some future Bancroft may write the history of that gigantic struggle and glorious victory. The work he performed was immense, and a just and generous posterity will award him the meed of praise which is justly and honestly his due for his invaluable services in the cause of justice and equal rights.

Of his long and honorable career in the National Legislature I need not speak; it is a part of the history of our country, and the world knows it by heart.

His herculean labors at the head of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs during the war for the supremacy of the Government are beyond description, and can be fully known only by those who were his associates in anxious solicitude and toil.

The great Lincoln leaned upon him in the dark hours as a firm support, while every pulsation of his heart, during the whole term of his official life, was for the honor and welfare of the Republic, for human freedom, and the emancipation and enfranchisement of the oppressed.

Among the foremost of the patriot band to whom, under God, we are indebted for universal liberty, peace, and a redeemed and reunited country, stood Henry Wilson. He never flinched or faltered; when the hearts of the timid quaked with fear he was always hopeful and courageous; when others doubted and turned back he stood firm as a rock in mid-ocean until the storm had spent its fury and peace again brooded over the face of the great deep.

When grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front, and the dark clouds which had lowered upon our country were in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, he was among the first to counsel forgiveness and brotherly love; and no man rejoiced more than he did in the era of good feeling inaugurated at Lexington and Concord, Ticonderoga and Bunker Hill, at the late centennial celebration; and he looked forward with a longing anxiety and joyous delight to the great exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, when he hoped to witness the final burial of the last sad relic of the great civil strife, and the principles it had forever settled, and which he had helped so much to crystallize and establish, should be honestly and in good faith accepted by all, the rights of all men everywhere respected, and peace and good-fellowship once more reign throughout the whole length and breadth of our favored Republic.

Vice-President WILSON was not, perhaps, great as an orator, a scholar, or a statesman; but he was great in industry, in the power of intense and continued application, in toil, in courage, in assiduous, conscientious devotion to duty.

He was great in honesty and integrity, in his moral courage, and in the faith and practice of Christianity.

He marched, by the power of his own will, his indomitable industry, and his patriotic impulses, from the bench of the shoemaker to the Senate of the United States; from his humble calling at Natick to the responsible duties at

Washington. In all his conduct, both public and private, conscience was his constant monitor and guiding star. No hope of earthly reward or preferment could swerve him from the path of duty and no threats could silence his voice or cause him to abate his ardor in the great work to which he had consecrated his life. Amid the storms and tempests of political life, when the loved and honored were suspected and shaken like a reed, he stood proudly forth, pure and undefiled. No stain of corruption ever tarnished the luster of his bright escutcheon and no bribe ever left its plague-spot upon his hand. Surrounded during his official life with the blandishments of power and the fascinations of wealth, he preserved his character, and died comparatively poor. While many of the gifted and mighty were swallowed up in the whirlpool of dissipation and crime, he walked among them with a charmed life, and came out of the furnace with not so much as the smell of fire upon his garments.

Every noble cause and genuine reform found in him an eloquent advocate and an ardent champion. He represented in an eminent degree the noble elements of our American nationality. His life was the natural and generous outgrowth of our free institutions and of our higher and purer civilization. His character and history demonstrate what industry, will, determination, and integrity can accomplish, and show the value and advantage of steady perseverance and continued and honest adherence to conscientious convictions.

He lived to see the great work of his life accomplished: the political equality of all men securely imbedded in the organic law, and the emancipated and enfranchised bondman standing as the honored representatives of American freemen in both branches of the National Legislature.

If he had ambition, it was an ambition to do right, to advance the welfare of his fellow-men, and be reckoned among the world's benefactors. If he desired position, it was because it would enable him to accomplish more for humanity and render greater service to his country.

His convictions were clear cut and as firm as the granite hills of his native State; he believed in political parties, and loved his own almost to idolatry; but no partisan blindness prevented his seeing its errors, and no timid, time-serving policy could deter him from pointing them out and demanding their correction.

If he had faults, they were of the negative kind, and were so mixed up with bold and generous deeds that the world could scarce discern them.

It is well that he died under the roof and almost upon the very spot where he had won his earthly laurels and helped to achieve one of the greatest victories recorded upon the pages of human history. With worldly honors thick upon him and the prayers of a grateful and generous nation filling the whole land, his spirit took its flight from the portals of the National Capitol, with the shackles struck from four millions of bondmen, the shining record of a well-spent life, and a vital and living faith in a

crucified Saviour, to gain him admittance to the golden city. Tender hands and loving hearts were there in the trying hour to smooth his pathway to the tomb and watch the precious sands as they gently ebbed away. And then, as was so beautifully said of another of Massachusetts illustrious sons:

> With solemn steps and sorrowing hearts, they bore him back to the State he served so faithfully and which loved him so well; and to her soil, precious with the dust of patriotism and of valor, of letters and of art, of statesmanship and of eloquence, they have committed the body of him who is worthy to rest by the side of the noblest and the best of those who, in the century of her history, have made her the model of a free Commonwealth.

His last public utterance was an admonition to those with whom he had acted politically, which they will do well to observe and heed; it was characteristic of the man; it breathed a spirit of patriotic devotion to country and an anxious solicitude for the prosperity and welfare of her people.

And to-day, as we stand around the open grave of him who harbored no malice, but whose love of country and pure and lofty patriotism knew no North, no South, no East, no West, let us bury every feeling of bitterness and sectional animosity; let us pledge ourselves anew to our country and receive a new baptism into her service; let us all rally around the old flag with all its glorious histories and recollections, drawing our inspiration from one living fountain, and, with one heart, one purpose, and one impulse, press on together to a common and glorious destiny.

Address by Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio.

Mr. Speaker: I ask the indulgence of the House for a few moments while I pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead. It was my good fortune during seven sessions of Congress to board at the same house and sit at the same table with the honored citizen whose demise we now mourn. During all that time, and more, I had the honor to share his friendship. I had many opportunities to know the qualities of head and heart which render his name dear to the people of every land, and which have made it illustrious throughout the world. It is well that we should pause in the work of legislation to express a profound respect for these, to study them as a means of instruction for ourselves, and that we may be inspired with an earnest purpose to profit by the lessons which they teach.

It is one of the advantages of our republican form of government that it gives equal opportunity to all to fill every place of public trust, to render useful services to mankind, and to rise to the highest distinction which private worth and public service and useful and meritorious

labors can give. This fact is illustrated in a remarkable degree by the life, character, and services of the deceased, and by the fruits which they have borne. These have been so fully stated, and are so widely known, and are so interwoven with the history of our times and the great movements of nearly half a century in behalf of humanity, right, and good government, that it is wholly unnecessary for me to speak of them in detail. It is well that these should be studied by young men and all men, that they may know the elements which made the life of HENRY WILSON a grand success. To some of these I may briefly allude. First of all, HENRY WILSON was "the noblest work of God"—an honest man. Without this quality no man can rise to and maintain permanent success. His life illustrated a fact which cannot be too widely known: that "there is no excellence without great labor"—*Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus.* Few men ever devoted more hours to industrious study, to patient investigation, to laborious attention to every duty, than did HENRY WILSON. The results of these are before us and mankind, teaching their lessons of usefulness. His official and literary labors were immense. In Congress he was not a great declaimer, but he was a great *orator.* He spoke ably and strongly for the right. Another characteristic brought its rewards: he always dared to do right, and trust to God and the sober second thought of the people to sustain him.

When oppression and wrong sit in places of power, or

for a time control the popular will, men who are not actuated from a sense of duty may bow to the storm. These are dangerous and unsafe men. HENRY WILSON was not of this class. In all he said or did he was guided by the love and fear of God and a purpose to benefit mankind.

In all the relations of life the heart of HENRY WILSON overflowed with kindness and a tender regard for the feelings of all his fellow-men. He was kindly and gentle in his nature; he never turned away unheard the request of the most humble or lowly.

His life and labors prove that his acquirements were extensive and varied, and these he had the natural and educated ability to apply so as to make them bring success, and to enroll his among the "immortal names that were not born to die." He has passed to his reward. More than a nation mourns his loss.

The good he has done will live after him; it is a part of imperishable history in which he bore a useful and conspicuous part. His monument is more durable than brass. It will be seen and known through the endless cycles of eternity.

Address by Mr. Lapham, of New York.

Mr. Speaker, it would perhaps become my position best, not having been accustomed to speak on this floor, to refrain from expressing any of the thoughts which are crowding for utterance at the present moment. There is, however, a single view of the life, character, and services of the late Vice-President, already referred to by those who have preceded me, upon which I will dwell for a moment, for I am not willing that the great State I have the honor in part to represent should remain entirely silent on an occasion like this.

When, at so short a period since that it seems but as yesterday, our Chief Magistrate was stricken down by the hand of an assassin, all the civilized nations of the earth united with us in mourning and sympathy for the great loss we had sustained in the tragic death of our patriot President.

Now that the second officer of the Government has fallen almost as suddenly by the stroke of disease, our grief is scarcely less intense. Such emotions of sorrow arise not solely by reason of the exalted stations from which these truly great men have fallen, but also from a remembrance of the humble origin of each. Each had risen from obscurity and poverty to such exalted station, not by any sudden fortune, but by patient and steady

steps of progress. Each furnished an example of that gradual growth in greatness and goodness attainable only under institutions of government like ours. They were eminently the children of the Republic.

Mr. WILSON, amidst all the honors and blandishments of office and place, never lost sight of the obscure condition from which he had risen. He was always full and fervent in sympathy with suffering and intense hatred of wrong. He lived a life of singular purity and of the most unswerving fidelity to his convictions of duty. It was this which endeared him to the masses of the American people, and which renders his demise a source of the most profound grief.

Although the grave covers him, and all that was visible to us is forever hidden from our sight, yet, sir, it is not death. The noble example his wonderfully useful life has furnished to the young of every station will long endure, and serve to emulate the rising statesmen of the Republic.

As has been so felicitously written by a Massachusetts poet of the late distinguished colleague of Mr. WILSON in the Senate, so it may also be fitly said of him:

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight;

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Address by Mr. Blair, of New Hampshire.

Mr. Speaker, the great men whose forms we have seen and who in their lives have illustrated and vindicated the principles of American liberty and of just government on earth, who preserved them by the great deeds of the war and crystallized the ideas evolved in the debates and battles of this momentous era into enduring forms of constitutional legislation, are rapidly disappearing from the scene.

Among them all, with one pre-eminent exception, whose apotheosis was by martyrdom, there was no man who, by his early and intense convictions; his life-long, zealous, judicious, and unwearied labors; his perennially youthful and steadfast faith in the final triumph of the cause of freedom in the entire land; who, by his resources in disaster, his confidence even in seasons of despair, his wise counsels, his sagacious perception and forecasting of the currents of thought and of the actual condition of the public judgment and of the impulses of the popular heart, accomplished more in his life-time for his country and for mankind, no man who better deserves to be immortalized among the benefactors of humanity, than he whose name

dignified even the lofty official appellation of Vice-President of the United States, and whose memory draws sweet tears from the eyes of thousands of his countrymen, while over his new-made grave the frozen winds of distant New England are singing their requiem to-day.

Henry Wilson was a great man, not alone in moral heroism, which was perhaps the strong aspect of his character, not alone because he was ever equally ready with his most inflexible associates to dare and to do all things for his principles; but more especially in this, that he more than most of them knew how to so do and dare that doing and daring might not be in vain. He was a practical statesman. He was great because he knew men and dealt with them as men. He recognized the truth, which must ever be applied by those who transmute abstractions into human history and transfer the dreams of the ideal into the concrete utilities of life, that means must be adapted to ends, and that the average motives of a nation must be reached and stimulated, in order to accomplish a national result.

The industrial institutions of a people are seldom, unless remotely, affected by purely moral causes. It is only when such forces have taken hold of material interests, that men will consent to overturn the existing state, and it was given to Henry Wilson more clearly than to almost any other of the great men who led the prevailing sentiment of the nation during its last and great transition, to comprehend that practical democracy or republi-

canism is equality in the conditions of toil. His own rugged lot in early life, when he struggled with adverse fate in his native New Hampshire, whose pride in his career and earnest love for the pure life and noble manhood of her son are the sole reason why my voice is lifted in this august presence to-day, enabled him to comprehend how real freedom is something more than mere absence of legal restraint; that the bondage of the colored man was less the consequence of positive law than of those relations and conditions of society, of which the positive law itself was an outgrowth and consequence, and not a cause. He comprehended how all laborers, whether of the North or South and of whatever race, were enslaved in a substantial sense by the existence of the institution of slavery anywhere on the national domain, and, whether sanctioned by the laws of the land or otherwise, how impossible it was, and is, for these opposing tendencies to co-exist permanently under one common government.

He knew, for he was instinctively a statesman, that unless the principle of absolutely free labor should prevail, whatever might be the written law, the opposing principle would wax stronger and stronger, until the laboring man everywhere would be practically enslaved by the custom of the country. It is a great mistake to imagine that all the slavery which existed within the limits of the Union was confined to the colored race and to the Southern States. The poison was in the atmosphere of

the continent and all over the country; the white race, too, was in partial bondage, and neither, although greatly enlarged, is absolutely and practically free even to-day. Ignorance is slavery. Mighty prejudices, the fetters of the soul, are still unbroken, and magnificent victories of peace are yet to be won. We have entered upon a new era, wherein the tendencies and prevailing influences point to the ultimate emancipation of all men, to a period wherein every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed shall some time in the millenial future be absolutely free. In this great exigency of our generation, which we hope we have passed fully through in crossing the Jordan of this triumphant transition, it was given to HENRY WILSON to march conspicuously in front of the halting host for many years, bearing aloft the standard of equality for all. It was his to rally, as with the bugles of his native hills, the more elevated sentiments of the nation, to largely aid to forge its stray convictions into a solid mass, until the moral and material motives and forces of the people overcame all opposition, and the broad theory of absolute freedom for all has been established forever as the fundamental working model of the Government. In this great work the war was but an incident, terrible, to be sure, but inevitable; past now, thank God, but full sure to return unless its causes are avoided, its fruits garnered, and its conclusions sacredly regarded; and it would, methinks, increase the joys of the blessed dead to hear the generous tributes to departed worth, with which these chastened

walls have this day echoed the eloquent grief of our sunny and beloved South for him who lived and died the true friend of every human being on earth.

Since the termination of the strife, no man has labored more strenuously than the late Vice-President, not only to secure the enactment of the decision of arms into proper and enduring forms of constitutional law, but more especially have his broad patriotism and humane sentiments made him indefatigable in his endeavors to secure the full return of reciprocal love between the sections of our country so unfortunately imbittered against each other by the unavoidable animosities of fratricidal war.

Probably no man contributed more than he to the revival of these gentler thoughts and more generous sentiments which are prevailing to-day, and which may God grant us to cultivate more and more until no discordant note shall mar the joy of our centennial year.

Henry Wilson is dead. His voice is hushed. His great heart is still. His form has vanished. To-morrow the Capitol will put away its badges of mourning, and history alone will know aught more of him on earth forever. But he has left to the patriot, the statesman, and the Christian the lofty example of an unsullied and illustrious life; to the toiling man and woman and child of every race and clime, and of all ages to come, an inspiration; to his native and to his adopted State, and to the whole country which he loved so well, the memory of a character most rare and exalted, a character which under

the adverse conditions of his origin our precious institutions alone could have made possible; and as time rolls away his fame will grow brighter and rise higher in the firmament of history until it shines perpetually, a fixed star in the resplendent galaxy of the greatest and best of his generation.

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted and the House adjourned.

ED.88

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY WILSON,

(VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

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